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BARCAROLLE.

ADAPTED TO THE MUSIC OF MOZART.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

I.

The hermit moon is streaming
Over land and lake,
The nodding flowers are dreaming
In the letter and flake;
Her silver mantle covers
Fruit and forest tree,
And, round the bower of lovers,
Rows the balmy breeze.

II.

The queen of love is shining
In her bath of light—
Then why art thou reclining
With the drowsy night?—
Rise, like the subject waters,
Yield to her control,
And, fairest of earth's daughters,
Hear my barcarolle.

Undercliff, April, 1861.

THE HUNTED FELON;

OR,

THE FORTUNE-TELLER OF LYNN.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY MRS. C. F. ORNEY.

CHAPTER III.

"And such is human life at best—
A weary round of toil and earthly bread;
A stream that is tossed o'er Sorrow's rocky rapids,
Drummer, and martyrs, and conquerors—
Kings, warriors, statesmen, and philosophers
Poets, painters, sculptors, architects,
The saints, the sinner, and the sinner."

With a thousand tumultuous emotions, Ralph Heathcote watched the movements of Grace Ward, her uncle, and the young man, to whom she had so touchingly appealed.

"Who is that fellow?" he asked.

"Dick Crofton."

"Does he live hereabouts?"

"His father does—he's a Swampscot fisherman—one of the poorer sort, and one much in my debt. Dick is master of the Petrel, a staunch little craft that plies between Boston and Savannah."

"Does he own his vessel?"

"No, he isn't worth a hundred pounds in the world. He gives all his earnings to the support of an invalid mother, and a sister who has been a cripple from her birth! They must suffer if he didn't help them."

"Where?" ejaculated Heathcote, "then he's no match for the heiress of the Hollows! Grace a year, the daughter of a noble house."

"Ah," rejoined Gorse, "you're jealous!"

"I was for a moment, but I can't believe she would cherish aught save friendly interest in him. Pray, how did she make his acquaintance?"

"Why, she took passage in the Petrel, and the elderly gentleman who went to have been her escort, being detained by sickness, Crofton offered to take charge of her. The voyage was extremely perilous, and I've heard that he was very kind to her——"

"And so she's grateful to him," interposed Heathcote, quickly—"that's all!"

Gault smiled grimly as he muttered—

"By my faith, I hope it is all! But—but I have some insight into women's hearts, and it seems to me that Crofton has taken a deep hold of her fancy. Poor as he is, I should not like him for a rival!"

Heathcote looked at Crofton, with his fine, open countenance, on a scrutiny which could not those of his fellow men without quailing, and the royal grace of his bearing, and growled an oath.

"Do you agree with me? Do you think him a dangerous person?" queried Gault.

"Decidedly dangerous!" and the speaker's brow knit, and a fierce glance shot into the orbs beneath.

"You see, then, the necessity of playing your part to perfection."

"By Zeus I do! From this hour that man's my foe! I'll snatch the prize from him, cost what it may!"

Gault smiled his approval, adding—

"Let's strike hands upon it, for an hour ago I felt like a marcher who knows that the spar on which he's drifting is a broken reed; now I begin to take heart."

"The spirit of Grace, the thought that she may be interested in Crofton has brought back my strength! I could defy a dozen unbelieved enemies, and Moll Pitcher, too! I declare, I'll not suffer him to escort her much farther! I'll barry on, and introduce myself to her and her mother as their Westmoreland cousin!"

"No, no—that would be to bid taste! Since Dick Crofton has got the precedence, let him have it to-night, at least. When they reach home, you can go in, and tell the old gentleman all you had planned to say."

"You are a thousand-fold shrewder than I, Gault; I will do as you wish."

This conversation had taken place in a shadowy nook, while they had overtaxed after the scene of the will, and whence they could watch the procession, as it wound its way around the village. They now separated; Gault remained with those who were searching for the murderer in the neighborhood of the glen, and Heathcote followed the road to the hall. The solemn voice of the thunder could still be heard; the lightning still flashed; the winds went rioting through the boughs of the great trees, and the rain pleshed down on the dead Mabel, her child, and the throng gathered about them, but Heathcote was watching Grace so intently that he heeded nothing else save the anguish and woe at her side. He marked the confiding gaze she cast, and never lifted to his face, the tenderness with which he supported her, and felt a thrill of rage, when, as she sank, weary and exhausted, among the rocks, he raised her in his arms, and bore her on as if she had been a tired child.

GRACE WARD AT CROFTON COTTAGE.

At length they reached the village, and the procession halted in front of the most imposing mansion in Lynn, a stately old pile, built on the Elmbeckton model, and of gray stone. It was surrounded by tall, elm trees, grim, and sentinel-like and such as velvet, and across this the litter was carried. A group of servants and neighbors had assembled in the hall, and their sobs and shrieks echoed out on the night air, as poor Mabel Ward and her child were borne in. The bearers paused to give them a momentary glimpse of the murdered ones, and then moved into a large apartment, furnished with the costliness and splendor of those days.

Shall we stop and model in preparing the corpses for the inspection and the coroner.

No—O, no; you have been very kind—we will let them remember!" and wringing the hands of his friends, the captain bowed them out. He closed the door for an instant, composed his, and with a pale, convulsed face, and trembling form, beckoned his faithful servants. They obeyed; again the door closed, and a weeping band surrounded the litter.

"They—they must be taken up stairs," gasped the old man; "I will carry my daughter, and you—you, nurse Watkins—you may carry the child!"

As he spoke, he lifted Mabel and bore her to the chamber, which had been newly furnished for her reception, while the nurse followed with the baby-corse. But we will not linger on this sorrowful scene. Watkins remained there during the day, keeping a solemn watch with one whom she had loved unseen so fondly, and if she has been her own child. Captain Ward said an hour in the berry room, when he turned away, and sought his stricken wife. She had been in violent hysterics ever since she heard of the murder, but when she perceived her husband she leaped from the bed, and bursting into tears, wrestled her arms about his neck.

"I—I thought I have given you mad!" she exclaimed, while her eyes flashed with strange lustre.

The old man drew her to him in a convulsive grasp, and uttered something in her ear.

The words seemed to soothe her; blessed tears came to her relief, and the paroxysm ceased. She crept back to her pillow, and the captain was ministering to her with almost womanly tenderness, when he was summoned to the parlor. There stood his young stranger, whom we described as he sat in the sibyl's house.

"Good morning," said Mr. Ward; "your face is familiar, and I cannot call to mind your name."

"I am Ralph Heathcote, of Westmoreland, sir!"

"What, the son of Sir Ralph, of Heathcote Hall?"

"The same, sir."

"Then you are my near kinsman! How much you resemble your father! Welcome—a thousand welcomes!"

"Thank you, thank you!" and now the young man's countenance grew grave, and his voice tremulous; "I find that I have arrived in a sorrowful time! Indeed, I did not know it, or ought to trespass on you in your trouble——"

"Don't speak of that," interposed Captain Ward; "grief should be mutually shared! My heart warms to you, and—and—" and his lip quivered as he continued—"I trust you will be a comfort to me in my sorrow!"

"God grant that I may!" and he proceeded to console with the old man after the most approved fashion.

"Sir—she was all I had—my only child, and I should be alone were it not for Grace, my brother's orphan child! She is here—she is comparatively overcome by the great shock which has fallen upon us, but you must see her!"

"I should be most happy to."

"Come with me, and I will introduce you."

Captain Ward drew his kinsman's arm within his own, and led him into the family reception room. The young girl lay on the antique sofa, where Crofton had placed her on returning from the wood; her head was pillowed on a damask cushion, which cast a faint glow over her pale cheek and brow, and her long, bright hair, damp with the perfumed waters with which they had sprinkled it, drooped in heavy masses about her face and neck. Her own maid was chafing her hands, and another servant was waving a fan of peacock feathers, while young Crofton had knelt, and was holding a glass of wine to her lip.

"Why, Grace, Grace," called her uncle, "they told me you had come out of that fainting fit!"

"She has, sir; she is senseless now," replied Crofton, "but she is weak as a child! See how she pants for breath!"

"She wants more air," said Heathcote, and he opened the window, and let in the fresh breeze and the rosy light of the summer morning.

At hearing a strange voice, Grace looked up; Heathcote had returned to the sofa, and she encountered his eyes, beaming with the tenderest pity.

"Grace," resumed Captain Ward, "the darkest day has its gleams of sunshine—this has brought to us both my cousin Ralph Heathcote, the son of Sir Ralph, my well-beloved kinsman. He will be a great comfort in our time of need. I have you strength to bid him welcome?"

"Yes," and the girl raised her head, adding, "I am very glad to see one of whom I have been so much."

Though pale and languid, she looked passing fair, and Heathcote's homage was sincere, as he knelt, and kissing her hand, repeatedly exclaimed:

"Ah, sir, it is worth journeying over land and sea to find such a cousin as this beautiful lady!"

And Crofton—where was he? The young man's face flushed deeply, and for a moment brooded; then he took his hat, and was about to leave the room when he heard the voice of Grace.

"Uncle, uncle," she said, in her sweet, earnest tones, "Captain Crofton is going—call him back."

"Crofton, Crofton, my niece wishes to see you before you go."

The young captain returned, and the motion agitated to him a flushed and tearful face.

"You have been very kind," she murmured; "I begin to think you are my life's good genius—how shall I thank you?"

"The pleasant consciousness of having served you is sufficient reward! I only hope that you will not fail to call upon me whenever you need a friend."

Then turning to the old gentleman, he said:

"Can I be of any further service to you—Miss Ward, or—others?"

Captain Ward hesitated an instant ere he replied:

"Not now, not now! But I will let you know when the funeral is to take place, and—and perhaps we may want you for one of the pall-bearers."

"I will act as such if you desire it. Good morrow to you."

With those words Richard Crofton bowed and retired. When the door had closed upon him, Heathcote turned to Captain Ward and said:

"He seems quite a clever young fellow in his station."

"Yes, yes," rejoined his host; "he has aroused our gratitude by his kindness to Grace. He is master of a vessel that plies between here and Savannah, and my brother, while carrying us Savannah, he rescued my niece from a burning wreck. Crofton was saved, and has been a messenger to the Petrel with an old friend of mine, who had promised to take charge of her, and they were ready to sail he fell sick, and Grace was about to give up the voyage when Crofton offered to be her protector. They had a stormy time of it, but he brought her safe into Boston. You see now how much we are indebted to him."

"Aye, there are warm hearts among the humble class!" ejaculated Heathcote.

"Captain Crofton can scarcely be called a humble class!" retied Grace.

"Why, yes, my dear," resumed her uncle; "his father is a Swampscot fisherman, and the family are to grow as any in the neighborhood."

"But you said yourself," continued Grace, "that Hugh Crofton was the soul of honor—that you could as soon have his word as his bond!"

"It is true."

"And his son is like him—he makes me think of the knights I have read about in tales of the old Crusaders. I have been a good deal in society, but I never met a nobler, a more honorable gentleman than the captain of the Petrel."

"He merits, of course, his admiration!" exclaimed Heathcote.

"Indeed he is!"

Captain Ward perceived his guest's sneering smile, and said:

"The girl has the right of it. They tell me she has thus evinced every moment of herself in study—that he has dipped into all the sciences necessary to make him a good navigator, as well as Latin and Greek."

"And," chimed in Grace, "he is far better acquainted with polite literature than I am. His sketches, too, accurately and plays the flute as I never heard it played before."

"Upon my word, he is an extraordinary personage," remarked Heathcote.

"His requirements are great for a person," said Captain Ward; "and now I must leave you; I have painful duties to perform."

He passed out, and moved noiselessly along the corridor, as if he feared he might wake the silent sleepers in that darkened chamber. He ascended the staircase, and on the landing met Watkins, who hastily muffled the bell she was carrying her, till he encountered the gaze of Moll Pitcher's magnetic eyes.

"I have just left the room where your dead lie," she exclaimed; "and I feel drawn to you, too, I should have called you from your guest, if I have something particular to say—something that must be said in secret."

"Be it as you wish," and he led her into an apartment adjoining his wife's. What passed there I cannot now repeat; but Moll came forth in the morning, pale and haggard, and the gentleman followed her, trembling in every limb. She had reached the foot of the staircase, when he spoke in a hoarse whisper:

"And, Moll," he gasped, "you will not retax your vigilance—you will not slumber on the watch?"

"No, no; if I move heaven and earth for it, I'll discover the villain who murdered your poor, poor Mabel and her child!"

"Thank you—bless you, woman, or witch, whatever you are! Hark ye, if you will do that, you shall have my fortune."

"I am but an humble shoemaker's wife—you will not—you will grant—in his justice you don't share with me! Keep up a good heart, and soothe her mother as best you can!"

With a downcast glance and a peculiar nod, Moll retreated, and the stricken father was left to his task.

Ere nightfall their friends, and even Richard Crofton, had been notified that the funeral of Mabel Ward and her babe would take place the next day; that the procession would be formed at her father's house at ten o'clock, A. M., and proceed to Boston, where the corpse would be interred beside that of an infant son, in the burying-ground in Copp's Hill.

At the appointed hour a throng assembled around Captain Ward mansion, and stood waiting for the mourners to appear. The Lynn clergyman offered a brief but impressive prayer, and then the procession moved—the hind-most was flung wide open, and young Crofton and three other men appeared, bearing between them two coffins, over which a velvet pall swept in gloomy splendor. Behind them came Captain Ward, supporting his weeping wife, and next to them walked Ralph Heathcote with the beautiful Grace leaning on his arm. Both were attired in deep mourning, and no dead face could have been whiter than the Westmoreland cousin's. There were no other relatives, but a few of the most respectable people had been invited to join the procession. The coffins were lifted into the hearse, which had been sent from Boston, the pall remained, and then the black horses, with their sable plumes, began to move. The succession followed in Captain Ward's carriage—a great luxury in those days, which he had imported from England, and this bearers and the rest of the friends went on horseback. Thus the funeral cortege filed from the captain's gateway, and struck into the road leading to Boston. It was early in the afternoon when they reached the churchyard. The sky was cloudless, the breeze soft and balmy, and a flock of doves were sunning themselves on the roof of the church. Also how bisectly all who connected with the mourners who had come to bury their dead in the shadow of the church, where Mabel had been baptized in her infancy, and where she had often sat in the great square pew with her parents. In the days of her childhood and youth! The procession was met at the entrance of the churchyard by the rector in surplice and bands, and with an open prayer-book. Moving on before the bier, he read in a deep, clear voice:

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the Earth. And though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."

Then the service passed before a freshly-dug grave, and a choir of white-robed girls sang a funeral anthem. Like one in a dream, Ralph Heathcote listened, as the sweet, and strain went pulsing through the air; like one in a dream was the two coffins lowered to their resting place, and heard the clods rattle on the lids, and the minister say:

"Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God in his wise providence to take out of this world the souls of our deceased friends, we therefore commit them bodies to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; looking for the general resurrection in the last day, and the life of the world to come, through our Lord Jesus Christ, at whose second coming in glorious majesty to judge the world, the earth and the sea shall give up their dead."

Then beautiful benthicle, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord," was emitted on account of that violent death. Mabel Ward and her child; also the prayers, which sometimes follow the burial, and the service ended with a solemn benediction. When the procession began to move, Heathcote drew a long sigh of relief, and directed himself assiduously to Grace, who clung with a nervous clasp to his arm, and sobbed wildly. As they resumed their seats in the carriage, he glanced back, a woman stood by the grave—it was Moll Pitcher!

CHAPTER IV.

I remember the days when the sun and her wave stirred
By a startled step, by a dead weight trodden, by a whispered
And her pulses ceased their game with a shock to the heart of
Mad as the mountain and sea.

Mad and ruled amid—of a mother divide the slumbering
Ocean.

Late that night three persons stood on Egg Rock. The moon had gone down, and the night was intensely dark. The sound was the clashing of the waters round the isle, and the occasional scream of the sea-fowl, as it darted out from their nesting from their nests. Thus isolated, the rock and the two who stood upon it, seemed were skillfully disguised, and spoke in a foreign tongue.

"Why are you so grim?" asked one.

"Because, brother, I am not the speaker's tones grew tremulous, "I believe I have undertaken much more than I am able to do! Still, since those corpses were found in the wood, I have had a sense of coming evil misery, I wait at the old Ward mansion, and I vow to you I have wandered. The moment I came here, my fancy conjured up the horrid scene in the glen—and—and I could have sworn that I heard two or three times Mabel's voice—faint, 'tis true, but her voice, nevertheless. From Heaven, or from below me! My blood seemed to freeze in my veins, and I buried my face in the grass, lest I should see my sister!"

"Shaw!" ejaculated a man, whom our readers have not before, "that's imagination! Ha! ha! I'm surprised at you, brother! You're growing!"

"Womanish indeed! I wish you could suffer me to be! Oh, Heaven, what a curse to have a conscience to the heart's core!"

"Well, what is the use of us?" cried another; "what think of me? I was tho chuckled with the thought that I had made a hundred felon at your service?" and he bowed with mock gravity, while his eyes glistened like two coals through his black mask.

"Another word of work," said the first speaker.

"And she resist?" queried Gemli—"tell us all about it."

"Why, she landed at Salem, and in her anxiety to reach Lynn, set out on foot with her child in her arms. I overtook her near the Pirate's Glen, and dragged her to the spot where they found her. She struggled desperately, and when I threw her down on the ground, she had managed me to spare her, and let her die at home. But my companion had seized the child's throat, and then it was but a moment's work to fling the body into the glen. My part is performed—report up to your promise and all will be well. Give me the gold, I willingly discharge my promises—give me the gold, and I'll keep out of their way! I fear neither God nor man!"

Heathcote reluctantly drew forth his purse, and placed it in the murderer's hand. He hastily struck a light from the flint of his musket, counted it, and depositing the money in his pocket, cried:

"I see you have played me no dishonest trick, Zozimi! I've been your enough, but I'm rich again. Hurrah!" and he took off his hat, and waved it, seemingly about his head with one hand, while he clicked the gold with the other.

"Tis the price of blood," said Heathcote, shuddering. "I would give you so much more if you would exercise the ghosts that haunt me."

"Aye, I fill not promise that!" and extinguish-

ing his lantern, the bravado added, "I've no time to lose—I must be off."

"And whither?"

"I cannot tell even you. Perhaps we who have formed a brotherhood of guilt, shall never meet again. Farewell, Heathcote."

With these words the masked villain hurried to the spot where he had left his boat. It had drifted off, and so had Guido's and Heathcote's. A volley of oaths broke from his lips, as he announced their loss.

"What is the desire has become of them?" cried Heathcote in alarm.

"They've floated away on the tide."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Guilt thoughtfully, "if this was Mild Pitcher's doing."

"Mild Pitcher—bah! She's been no nearer to this than Uncle Scratch—she's safe enough."

"Yes if she has not, she may have wrought some spell to work us harm," suggested Guido.

"Nonsense, you're her particular favorite lately—she tells you I have not what good fortune, since you began to cross her palm with silver."

"Confound it, I hope a natural cause has swept away our boats!"

"But what are we to do?" asked Heathcote.

The three men stared at each other, and then at the sea in blank dismay.

"It won't do to tarry till daybreak, and hail the pilot boats."

"No, no, it would be madness. Can you swim?"

"Yes," was Guilt's reply.

"And you?"

"Yes, like a fish."

"It cannot be more than three-fourths of a mile to the nearest part of Nahant—we can easily swim that distance."

The next moment they had plunged into the waters, which even on that midsummer night were restless around Egg Rock, and struck out for shore with a vigorous stroke, although they had now such a fashionable resort. At length they reached it, and Heathcote at once arrayed himself in the elegant suit he had left in a cave near, and proceeded to the inn. His companions gazed after him till he was lost to sight, and then broke into a contemptuous laugh.

"Confederates, fellows!" exclaimed Guilt, "he believes the story you told him—he believes you have cursed his gold to get it back."

"Yes, you; he does not dream who the real murderer is—nobody save you and I know, and we can keep our secret—our black secret."

"That we can."

"And," resumed the masked stranger, "we have blue, and consequently the same interest in our power. We have a long score to wipe out, a terrible account to accumulate—this is another secret. But we must not loiter; off with you to the Iron Works, and I will betake myself to my den. But lark ye, a moment; a pleasant evening Bridge Heathcote will ride over the grave of Mabel and her lost. Guido, is it not record enough for all our crimes, to be cursed and the kin'y boy's lunar like a football?"

"By the powers, it is a record morrow!" and thus they parted.

Are you the fortune-teller of Lynn?" queried one, as the ribyl advanced to meet them.

"We've been loaded from the Pilot Office, said—

"Hush," interposed the veiled woman; "Mild Pitcher knows you, and you know her! Why attempt to deceive me, Hortense L'Estrange? The lone hack rocks and sways, creaking ears have witnessed our meeting."

A low, joyous laugh broke from the girl, as she replied—

"There is a person in Lynn by whom I should not wish to be recognized, but I forgot to come to you! Tell me—tell me all you know of my destiny."

Mull pushed back the clustering curls of blue hair, which fell over her brow, and looked earnestly into those exquisite eyes, then consulted her cup, and shook her head.

"I am blue," she began, dreadly "it he has often crossed my path of fate, and I see that his heart better than he has real it as yet! Her brown fairer, beautiful Grace Wood! Have she to be rescued her from death last winter, her image has haunted him! I have heard him speak of her name with an utterance, which told it was the one dear name on earth. I have seen him watch her with his whole soul shining in his eyes; I have heard of him when he thought himself unheard; but I know that he is now revelling in a young nurse's love dream!"

"Don't, don't," gasped Hortense; "don't dwell on the Present; look along the track of the Future!"

Mull peered more closely into her quaint cup, but was silent.

"Was thy son see?" faltered the girl.

"I see another malice for you—a handsome gentleman, who has come over seas to woo and win his love!"

"Win her," echoed Hortense; "then he will be his wife!"

"He will try," exclaimed the ribyl; "no stone will be left unturned; and the polished men of the world is thought to be more than a match for a determined girl! But I cannot see the whole of the revival; I suppose he would fain have my advice, my help, but this cup must not reveal that; I could read no destiny save Mabel Ward's!"

"And has he been here since?"

"No, but I daily expect him."

"When he does seek your home, old him if you can! Listen—I have a realm wanted; I would give it all—my, I sometimes think I would barter my hope of heaven to have Heathcote look upon me as he looked on I am! Ah! there is a rap at the door, here's a hack now at the gate!"

"For," and the disguised girl and her companion passed their exit at the same time that three or four soldiers came fluttering in to consult the ribyl on their love affairs.

Leaving them to their consultation with the fortune-teller, we will follow Hortense. On High Rock she stopped for an instant, fascinated by the magnificent panorama stretched out before her. Beneath by the village of Lynn, with its clusters of buildings, the long beach, the picturesque Nahant cliffs, and the lofty isle, on which those three men had held their guilty revel; and then the vast, blue, and fathomless. On the right rose Bunker Hill, not then marked by a colossal granite, or followed by the blood of the heroes, the town of Charlestown, and the islands in the bay. Eastward might be seen the Rising Sun Swampscot, with its white beach and targeting masts; and to the south, that famous the bend bad of Cape Ann; while far to the northward rose the bold front of Wachusett. A few years ago I spent a summer on th t cliff, and I never wearied of the prospect at all seasons and storm—a prospect which I have never found equalled elsewhere. Around, a tourist, who visited it while I was there, told me it reminded him of the "castled crags" which overhung the Rhine. What wonder was it then that even Hortense paused on her first trod the cliff, and for an instant forgot her revengeful purposes. She might have tarried much longer had not her companion exclaimed:

"Hide, the little village of Swampscot?"

"Swampscot," echoed Hortense, shivering; "Where—where is it?"

Her friend pointed to the hamlet, and drawing her arm within her own, Hortense turned away.

Not long afterwards they ascended themselves near the fishing village, which still bears its Indian name. It is a beautiful place, and is "thought by travelers to have a strong resemblance to the bay of Naples. The old volcanic torch of Vesuvius" does not cast a lurid glare over the scenery; but instead of the solemn there is to the west of Swampscot a crag, known as Black Will's Cliff, and on the east, dangerous rocks extending into the sea, on which somebody has given the appropriate name of Dread Ledge. The cottages were few and simple then, but one of them the quick eye of Hortense selected as likely to answer her purpose. It was low, was overdraped with woodbine, scarlet runners, and honeysuckles, and her companion's voice loudly shaded the windows, and the garden not only stocked with a good supply of vegetables, but all shone with marigolds, pinks and bright flowers, which had been brought from a sunnier clime. A pair of wood-pigeons had perched on the roof, and a great Newfoundland dog lay basking in the sunshine. In a few moments the door was unlocked, and young Crofton came out with a slight figure clasped in his arms. The girl's face was beautiful as a poet's dream, but her form was delicate, and her head drooped so nearly along as tenderly as if she had been a child. Hortense started, and her lips, in her wildest physiognomist, who could have looked into the depths of her unmistakable, blue eyes, or watched the smile that came and went about her sweet mouth, would have thought she detected the appellation. Alice the cripple was "an embodied love," and nothing for her dear sake shrunk from who came within the sphere of her influence.

"Alice," said her brother, "Grace shall carry you?"

"If matters not if you are with me!"

"But you surely have some preference."

"I like to be with you, brother, and to watch the waves on such a day as this."

The young man moved back into the house, and reappeared with a thick bear-skin. Flinging it on the ground, he designated, he placed her in her favorite position, and then, kissing her cheeks, drawn gaze on the waters, busied himself in the mending one of his fishing lines. They had not been thus employed a half hour, when a boat was discovered rounding the headland; both gleamed around, and saw two apparitions flitting in the smooth water. One was a gentleman of gallant presence, clad in black, and the other a female. The latter, who sat erect at that period, the three corners being fastened up with gold wreaths, presented a picture of a lady, young and matchlessly beautiful, arrayed in the most delicate white muslin, and a rose-colored crape set jauntily above a wealth of rich tresses. At sight of the boat, the gentleman seemed to keep diligently at work, receiving that he would not be the first to address them. After the first salutations there was a pause, and Hortense and Alice heard the confidently tapping her saddle with her gold-mounted riding-whip. Crofton, however, broke the painful pause by saying—

"I hope you are better than when I last saw you."

"Yes, I am—though poor Mabel's death is a terrible, terrible blow to me. The cause of my grief grew mixty with tears.

"I have been here," resumed Crofton. "All the circumstances are such as to haunt her like a fiend. Mabel's grave, you are aware, is on this, the scene at her home, and its burial—"

"Hush, hush!" exclaimed Heathcote. "I don't recall these things. We must always remember her as she was in life, and not dwell on awful details fade from my cousin's memory!"

"Pardon me," said Crofton, with one of the most they relapsed into silence. At length the young cottage gave began to wonder toward the cluster of cottages on the beautiful—

"—I believe you live in this bustle."

"Yes."

"And now I'll wager that I can select your house."

"You may at least try."

The boat was a pleasure yonder, but buried its vines and flowers, with the wood-pigeons on the roof, and the Newfoundland dog at the door.

Richard Crofton smiled.

"You are right," he exclaimed. "You must be a veritable sorceress."

Perhaps," suggested Heathcote, "she has obtained a position of old Moll's power."

"Moll Pitcher!" echoed Crofton, shaking her pretty head with the ringlets she had inherited from her mother and which now fell in clusters down by the great sorrow which had just fallen upon her; "I will not be so unchristian as to imagine! promise! but I have seen enough of Captain Crofton to know that, if he had an item of land, it would blossom like a paradise, and if he had a house, it would be covered with vines."

"Thank you for your compliment," said Heathcote.

"It is no compliment, but the truth; I never descend to flattery."

The gentleman's cheek again reddened, his eyes kindled, his lip quivered, but he did not reply. Hortense, who had been watching her, then returned, and stepping close to his side, asked—

"Pray, who is that girl who sits on the rock?"

"My sister."

"What!" interposed Grace, "the crippled sister, to whom you have sent the parcel I tended when on board the Petrel?"

"You?"

"Good Heavens, how lovely she is! She looks like the pictures of the Madonna which so often called down upon me when in Catholic countries. May I speak to her?"

"Certainly, while my boat is at bank," and he took her bridle-rein, and led her home to the rock, on which Alice sat, unconscious of their approach.

"Alice," he murmured, "this lady wishes to be introduced to you—she is a friend of Mabel's sister."

At the sound of that name the invalid started, her fair face flushed, and a smile of strange excitement and pleasure played around her rosy lips.

"I have heard so much of you that I feel quite well acquainted," said the hitress, bending from her saddle. "Nay, my—do not try to rise. Don't attend on ceremony with me. What a pleasant spot you have! Suppose I share it a few moments. Captain Crofton, may I trouble you to assist me in dismounting?"

The young man lifted her from the saddle, and seating herself beside the invalid, she chatted with all the abandon of a child.

"You lead a happy life, in spite of your business," she said, glancing at the placid face of the young cripple.

"I never grieve, save when there is a great storm, and I know Richard is in danger, and then I pray God to bring him safely back to me, if it is His will."

Again the Southern girl's eyes filled with tears.

"Captain Crofton," she murmured, "you are the most favored man in the world! Your sister is more in answer to her prayers that the fervent petitions of kings, which was failed to so many."

"I trust it was—I hope I am thankful for a sister like Alice."

"You have ought to be; I have neither sister nor brother, and both my parents are dead."

"Poor girl!" Grace said, and the crippled sister's voice was beautiful is never without friends."

Perhaps a sudden impulse Grace stooped and kissed the speaker.

"It is to have your good opinion," she replied; "for I know you have a right to be fastidious in your choice of friends."

"Richard's choice is my choice," said Alice, with a look of confidence in her brother's power.

"Richard's choice is my choice," said Alice, taking out a watch of exquisite workmanship, "and I'll wager a guinea that he cannot leave till I inquire for the parrot I commissioned him to purchase."

"O, he is doing finely. He knows his own name, and has taught me how to pronounce Alice and Richard's."

"Alice," said Grace, replied Grace, with a blush. "I should be glad to see Rosee."

"He is in the house. If you would go with us, you could have that pleasure."

"I long to see him—of all things."

Richard Crofton took his sister in his arms, and Grace followed, holding up the ample folds of her rich ridding-habit.

"It is but a lowly house," murmured Crofton, as he entered the door, "and an humble one."

"But it is a delightful one—much pleasanter, in my estimation, than Bridge Heathcote's grand mansion."

"Yes, my Grace," chimed in the scotching, cooing voice of Alice.

"Where is the parrot child," resumed the Southern girl; "tell me what visitor has come to pet Rosee."

"Grace," responded the parrot.

"Heathcote," said the visitor, joyfully. "Don't let him forget it. I shall come again to hear you pronounce it."

"Pray, do," murmured Alice, and her brother pressed her hand, and smiled.

Placing the lame girl in a low chair, which she seemed to have chosen for the purpose, Grace again entered Grace back to her cousin, Captain Crofton, who, astounded, and as Grace approached, he greeted her with a cold bow, and went instant both were in their saddles. As they dashed off, the young man waved his hat, her handkerchief to Crofton, and during the remainder of the ride that was silent and uninterrupted.

Grace Wood and Heathcote were out of sight, Crofton resumed his work, but in a moment he threw it down, and, entering the house in his sister's hair, fixed in masses of glossy braids, and then, with a look of pride at the cottage on some errand, his gaze dwelt long and fondly on the speaker, and then on the beautiful ring the parrot. Alice yet held the bird, and he had taught it to say "Grace Wood, Richard Alice, Richard, Grace."

"Grace," exclaimed the fair cripple; "'tis a sweet name—a sweet name—you mustn't forget it! I am sure you won't, Richard," and the young stranger, O, Richard, is she not beautiful?"

"She is, indeed," was the low reply.

"And good as beautiful?"

"I believe so."

The young maiden expatiated awhile on the visit of the stranger, and then put the bird back in its cage, and turned to her brother.

"Ayel I know—Richard Crofton, you are in love with her—the tough portion you have not yet acknowledged it even to your own soul! You have even saved Grace Wood from death, her image has haunted you, you have watched over her in the solitude of your quiet home, have been pained by her fancied complaints, and the thousand charms I need not enumerate, have enchained you! Ah, I am a prophetess! I who am wondered kindred in the Pirate's Glen, who have been called a witch, who predicted on this visit to Swampscot beach have served to bring the happiness, I am not right? Answer me, you to my?"

"Alice," said Mary Ward, "I am not sure, but I think I am in love with Grace Wood."

"Well, I will take it then," replied the young man, smiling a little at the word "mood;" "but how am I to carry it—its too small for night and day fingers, and if I put it in my pocket, I shall be sure to crush it, and thus bring down upon myself your indignation."

With a half-serious, half-coquettish air, Grace took the bird, and tried to slip into one of the hard, brown fingers. At length she succeeded in forcing it into the second and fourth, and bade him be careful less he should crush it.

As he descended the steps, she re-opened the door, and called—

"Don't let the bird forget me!"

"Well," muttered Crofton, "Providence has sent me across her path once more. I did not mean to see her. I fully intended to leave the ring with the porter, but the in her countenance thwarted me. Condescension—it can be nothing more—nothing more. I will take no encouragement from what has just passed. Be still, heart! I can shall not make me either a fool or a villain!"

That night, when Richard Crofton stood on the heights of his lowly home, displaying the Southern girl's gift to the delighted Alice, Hortense L'Estrange, disguised as a sailor, crept into the little hut where Antoine was watching for her. She sank into a seat, and resting up her arms with a frantic gesture, shrieked:

"Antoine, Antoine, I shall go mad!"

"What has happened? Tell me, oh, tell me!" and the old man sprang to her side.

"Antoine, my suspicions are confirmed! I went to Moll Pitcher's, and she told me Richard Crofton loves Grace Wood. Lured on by a wild impulse, I sought his home. I had not been there long, when she came riding along the road, with her cousin Heathcote. Of course she pretended she didn't know me, but I could read in her eyes a ease!" and she proceeded to relate what she had seen and heard, and in the evening, when he restored the ring. Antoine listened, interrupting her only many a French exclamation of anger and surprise, and when she concluded, he made no comment, but with hopes of a terrible revenge.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

A HEART OF GOLD.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

What mines it be? No shining top—but a cool house, nestled here, beside a little stream, and warmed by the fire of a human love. Palmer, lord, Lucy, Lucy, Lucy, Lucy, Lucy, Lucy, Lucy, Lucy, above all, faithful and affectionate; never wrong; never grieving, never betraying the heart, enjoying the power and the mercy of its God. Who can tell the value of such a question hard and difficult for most to answer, yet felt by all.

I found one such one when I least expected, and where the blue billows of the ocean rolled their waves one. I found it guiding the course of a gallant ship, and I found it in the man. Quiet, unassuming most gently," and walked to from the sleeves of his coat, ready to throw off the coat, if he had the wings of a bird. It was a homelike face, with kindly, gentle lines about it, and in every inch of it from crown to stern, for the noble ship was a noble one, there was a heart of gold. weeks, and the dear friends that shared them as I did, will not forget me, I am sure. But not so much as if I never could hear to see the ship again I have come from home to go." Then he was obscured by a cloud of horror, and a great duck-wing which was to be seen no more.

A heart of gold. Ah yes—what one boning there came to my mind! The brave Bayard the careful eye and hand of the gallant Captain, and the kindly, gentle, in the courage I was the toastie from which sprang all those grand and noble deeds that made our fleeting prison such a nest of cosand and comfort. Sometimes I think he was sent ing like a messenger on the deck, telescope in hand, to see if the coast was clear, those young girls were trying to snatch it from him, that they might see Bayard "the knight without reproach and fear." The grave, but kindly face, the deeply wrinkled brow, the keen eye, the quick, unobserved check, and soft black hair—the stalwart form, and the strong hand, all bore testimony to the valor and the wild rose—strong hand and gentle heart. I shall think of him as long as I live, and hope my days are ever—I cannot feel that what I have seen is not true.

How that good ship, meeting with many accidents as it sailed on the wide sea, was preserved by his prudence and foresight, her at last safe haven, notwithstanding every fear, and while I am writing these words, has sailed into the harbor of New York, bearing the dead body of her commander to his home, and I know that many a heart mourn him so deeply there! I have written the name of the ship, and given the ship type, and yet I cannot make it real. It should have been only a brief, cheery dispatch by before me, telling of a longer one which was to come from home—and in that letter never be written now? Will there be no more welcome or farewells at his door? Will wife and son —no more prayers asked or given while she sits alone, and the sweet voice of wicked chattering around him and his unknown home, like the sea-birds that kept company with the ship. Or can it be that while I, and others far dearer to him, have been praying for him, he was even then, and he, with perhaps a thought of, or even in prayer for us, was passing into the land before his Judge? Oh heart of gold, prayer then find a home and rest! Oh heart of tenderness, and pardon for the noble soul that was one who never failed or deceived me—who was kind and true and faithful, and ready to lost, even when tried by captive of seeming wilfulness, and by many natural unfairness.

"Grace be the turf shown thee, friend of my better days, Grace be the sod that covers thee, and the waters that lave thee not in peace."

Let this evening, end think of a sea which is more profound than the wide Atlantic, and where the "dead" sleep in a calm. I think how fair and calm it lies in a region where no trouble ever disturbs the waters, and where there is no tempest nor storm. I think how the dark and noble

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

INTO THE DARKNESS.

BY MARY FORREST.

Into the darkness we all must go,
Shadow and semblance—servant and foe!
Out of the roseate's golden glow
Into the midnight's stygian flow—
Out of the hyalgin into the woe,
Out of the transport into the shame—
Shadow and semblance—forward and fro!

He who stands the semblance's height
And sets his eye to the large light,
Must face the fear following fleet,
And pale not at the thunder crash.

The dark and dangerous semblance,
In fared the gruelling powers below,
And Death's opposing shadow flees
Into the gates of Paradise.

An angel's scope of ecstasy
Is but as such shadow's sea
Within whose dim, unsounded deeps
Supernal power of mightiness sleeps.

The song each yearning bosom feels
Full well its vanished joy reveals,
And only by the shadow sent
We gauge the truest light at last.

A DETECTIVE TAKEN IN.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Our readers may remember the circumstances of the arrest, some eight or five years ago, of a band of counterfeiters in Canada, and of the capture of a marvellous quantity of tools and implements of the nefarious craft. It may have been even more years ago, though I am inclined to think it was at a later date. However, the newspapers were full of the thing for many months at the time, and as my story does not depend for its interest or truthfulness upon the date of date, we will not be particular. And, furthermore, if Mr. Sharp should see this bit of gossiping history, I beg that he will not blame me for leaving within it. He will also remember I have kept his real name out of sight; and so, if he longs his own counsel, I think no one will be none the wiser touching his share in the transactions.

At this stage of the game it became necessary for the banks to step in and do something; and they did it for their own sake, as well as individual. They came together by their representatives, and formed an association for the purpose of breaking up counterfeiting then and in all coming time, and in the midst of the excitement this mission was left the business of employing such means as might lead to the desired end in view. Intelligence had been received which rendered it certain that the counterfeits were manufactured in Montreal in Canada; and after a deal of tiresome and expensive investigation, the bank commissioners not only became assured that Canada was the point of issue, but they also obtained the names of those chiefly engaged in the work, upon whom the evidence was at least strong enough to warrant their apprehension.

But now, how should those men be found? Of course the work must needs be done with the carefully and shrewdly, for counterfeiters are much too crown—they must be approached in a stealthy that the springing of the trap shall provoke no alarm.

Away up in Maine lived an old deputy-sheriff named Ralph Simpson, who had had much experience in such matters, and it was suggested to the commissioners that they should employ him; but they fancied they knew better. They would set no countrymen to hunter in their work. They had their eye upon the very man. Mr. Samuel Sharp was a policeman of the city, and such marvellous stories had he told of his exploits in capturing rogues that his fame had reached the ears of the commissioners, and he was fixed upon as the agent who should bring the hidden dens of the counterfeiters to light. Mr. Sharp was a gentleman, and, perhaps, a scholar; and it was believed he could move in and over the road without his being suspected that he was an officer. At all events, he had been engaged to do the work; and he was accordingly furnished with money for his use, and also with the names of the suspected parties. The last item was a very important one, and the gentleman determined to make the most of it. With such information to start with he felt sure of success—so sure, that he told his employers they might depend upon him. Written down in a little book he had the names of a dozen men who were known to be engaged in the work of counterfeiting in Canada within a month; and he was to find out their tools and implements and how to trade, and bring the villains to justice.

Mr. Samuel Sharp said he could do it. He said he *would* do it. He had a clue to the whereabouts of the rascals, and they could not escape him. He took the rail as far as that would carry him on his way, and, just this side of the city of Derby, close by the Canada line, he stopped to make his final arrangements. He was sure that his game was not far away—not many miles over the line—and he determined to proceed with very carefully. On the following morning he took his stage which was to carry him into the country, as the day was fine, he rode upon the box with the driver. Had he come with a gig, to-wit—he attracted individual, and soon learned from his passenger that he, the said passenger, was simply travelling for his health and amusement. At noon they stopped for dinner at a small settlement, and in the afternoon Mr. Sharp had come to like the jolly driver exceedingly well—so much so that he handed a half dozen good cigars to

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1861.

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HOMES.

The old saying, "Home is home though it be never so homely," has a sweet and soothing sound, but unfortunately there is no truth in it as a universal maxim. Are the inmates of damp cellars and squalid garrets in New York, of which repeated denunciations are the merest humor! Ask the ghastly and attenuated wives to whom those men rent sighing if they ever called such places homes? They will tell you they are not Ashes, but Ashs. And there are tens, ay, in such dens of poverty, where human indigence a double curse by their thriftlessness and liquor-love, rendering the most splendid palaces baleful to sober and industrious husbands. In such places children are born and nurtured, and they are dragged up, and, when old enough, are mortally certain to be dragged down. There is no reason why this state of things should exist. There is a living for every human being in this country, and no sober, thrifty, hard-working couple can starve or suffer even in poverty-ridden New York, if they show by their conduct that they are desirous to earn an honest livelihood. Rum, laziness, and general profligacy underlie seven-eighths of the physical miseries of our poor.

But there are other homes than those of poverty which do not deserve the name—homes amply supplied with every luxury that a sybaritic could desire. But are none of these homes misnamed? By families that have but just thought, one hundred beyond misery, and plenty, above. Husbands and fathers are doomed to free consequences, in their stunning semblance mean, thus the costly trumpery of the upholsterer, and looked upon with indolently more indifference than the gorgeous chairs and sofas, upon which, on state occasions, they sit uneasily, wishing themselves in their more comfortable office seats, and at tea with their own brother. Show houses, inhabited by show fixtures, can never be homes.

There is not a log cabin in the West that a true man would not rather dwell in, than in one of these stylish palaces in which he is doomed to a tolerated boarder and lodger. Bankruptcy and ruin have been known to make the gilded butterflies of society happier, by the mere act of privation of the gilding and fluttering, than the utmost sense of the purposes for which men and women are united by the ties of wedlock, loneliness and laughable mansion, shivered with all such wealth, directed by refined taste or rare purchase, there is domestic confidence and domestic bliss; but such is show homes glorified with vulgar splendors for ostentation's sake.

There are thousands of abodes, everywhere, which might be homes, and yet are not, simply because the inmates will not take the trouble to study one another's tempers, and to yield graciously whenever the sharp points of their characters are in danger of hostile collision. The whole philosophy of happiness, under most homely holds, is comprised in three words: "Bear and Forbear." In fact, in this practical world, more than half the philosophy of true Christianity, of any Christian writer, holdeth, denies or overlooks doubt this, or believing tell to practice it, let them, as Charles Curtis says, "go and read the Testament." There will be no occasion to turn down any particular leaf, they will find the maxim illustrated or enforced on every page.

NAPOLEON'S CARE FOR HIS SOLDIERS.

It takes a great man to know the importance of little things. The astonishing success of Napoleon on the smallest details of military organization has always struck us as one of the most of his talent scarcely inferior to Austerlitz or Marengo. No general knew better than he, how that the efficiency of a soldier depends first of all, upon his being in perfect health and splendid condition. He tried to bring up all his troops to the condition of gymnasts when they fight for the championship prize. Not a single several things are essential, the chief of which are, regular and wholesome food, regular sleep, dry and warm feet, and no powerful stimulants. Napoleon never insisted upon every regiment having two pairs of good shoes, and a good blanket. Everything else could be obtained, seized or dispensed with, but these—the shoes for the man and the blanket for the trooper—he could neither be extemporized nor dispensed with. When the occasion arrived, Napoleon demanded of his troops the most tremendous exertions; and the admirable hardy training which from his system enabled the soldiers to endure fatigues which would have killed ordinary men. It is also to be observed, that this communistic general was careful to give his troops a rest proportioned to their exhaustion, the very instant it was safe to do so.

There was nothing in which Napoleon showed more forethought and good sense than in his management of deserters. He knew that a soldier's fellows accustomed to the sleep, the field or the desk, enough their habits as those of a good soldier without great risk. Consequently, he was no careful and tender in managing his new troops as mothers are of their young children. He inured them to the hardships of war by degrees. Their first marches were only ten or twelve miles a day, with a frequent day of rest. The officers who led them from their native provinces to the distant scene of war were charged to make the march a pleasant series of lessons in the military art. Sometimes, when the quarters were good, when the calgary was not pressing, they would halt for ten days, and undergo a daily drill of eight hours. The consequence was, that men who were new recruits when they left home, arrived at camp trained and toughened soldiers.

A single week of careless handling, irregular sleep and food, damp lodgings, wet feet, or undue fatigue, will half spoil and demoralize a regiment of new troops. But let them be cautiously and wisely cared for at first, and they soon become hardened and efficient.

LONG WARS.

It is argued by many philosophical writers of the day that there never again can be a long war. The facilities of modern communication, the improvements in arms, and above all, the mighty interests of modern wars-powers, forbid, in the opinion of these writers, the possibility of such a deplorable event. Let us devoutly hope that these opinions will be. Human passions, however, when thoroughly aroused, cannot readily be governed by rules of policy. Look at the chronic civil wars in Mexico and the South American Republics. Look at the occupation of a pause now and then from sheer exhaustion, they have been in continuous progress for twenty years. Nor is there any necessity to look to such barbarous states as these when the first blood was shed. The worst features of war were in that they unnerved countries the people, and too often by the fiendish lusts of military despotism

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

"A LITTLE WHILE"

BY JANE, TEN AND HOE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

The Rose that wreaths its glorious blee
When Summer gilds the scene,
And sits upon its mossy throne
o'er every flowret green,
What sight is it to the Rose's eye
To see and mate beside may love?
A little while.

The sorrow that subdues us late,
Says 'mid its sharpest thorn,
"Weeping endureth for a night,
But joy illumes the morn,"
Our Father's discipline doth bear
On darkest scroll the motto fair,
A little while.

You baby sure, with whitening brow,
And Faith's assurance dear,
Departing for a higher state—
A more congenial sphere—
To those who mourn around his bed
What saith the smile, the' spread, he dead!—
A little while.

And so those words, Redeemer dear,
To thy disciples spoken,
Breathe on to living hearts here,
Keeping their spell unbroken,
And still as those feel forms of clay
We wear the inscription night and day—
A little while.

Hartford, Conn., April 9th, 1865.

THE HARLOW ESTATE.

ITS HEIRS—REAL AND PRETENDED.

A TALE OF CITY LIFE

BY P. HAMILTON MYERS,

AUTHOR OF "PAUL HOUSTON," "DESERTED BY THE WORLD," "MISS GRAHAM'S MARRIAGE," ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.

Mrs. Sitterly was conveyed home in an insensible condition, and when she had recovered consciousness, it was scarcely attended with a return of reason.

Wild, searching looks, and incoherent questions about the measurement widows, whom she now seemed to regard as a dreadful apparition, and now as a mere dreadful reality, betrayed the horrors of her mind.

Her nervous system had undergone a violent shock, and she was physically prostrated to so alarming an extent, that her physicians feared all recovery with her was the subject rather than the actual requirements of the sick chamber.

The fourth day of the trial—the day on which the strange interruption to its proceedings had taken place—was Saturday, and the Court had adjourned until the ensuing Monday.

But early on Sunday morning indications became apparent that the case was to be terminated by a Power higher than all earthly tribunals.

As her bodily powers failed, her mind became clearer, and it was in the hour when she began to believe that she was getting well, and was pressed confident hope of being strong enough for the continued labors of the morrow, that her physicians believed that before there would be to morrow for her on earth. Horrified beyond expression, she refused to believe the terrible tidings, and sent hopefully for other doctors, only to receive from them a confirmation of the dreadful sentence which had gone forth against her. Then, gradually and remorse now took possession of the miserable woman, and she who had never known what it was to show pity to others, now felt painfully on Heaven for mercy.

To Evelyn she said, when no one else was near, that she was in anxious expectation now, and a child she was in expectation of the arrival of a clergyman whom she had summoned.

"Send quickly for Mr. Lynde and for Herbert—but not a minute be lost—do not let your father or Simon know of it. Say yourself to them—admission. Go! go! I may do something yet."

But Evelyn, who feared that the wretched woman would pass away before her mission could be performed, tarried and tried to speak.

"Why do you wait, Evelyn?" she asked, eagerly. "There is no time to be lost."

"Will you not first tell me something, that the boy is your son Herbert?"

"No, no, no!" she exclaimed, covering her face with her hands. "*He is not my son.* Would to God that he was!"

"Oh, my mother, can you say this *now?* at such an hour?"

"Yes—yes; you do not understand me," replied the unfeeling woman. "This boy is *not* your brother, Herbert, my own dear brother, but he is not my son! Go, now, and when they come you shall hear the truth of this dreadful story. Alas!" she continued, "I can scarcely claim credit even for this last act of repentance, for there is one at hand, a dreadful avenger, who speaks ready to proclaim it."

Evelyn did not doubt that the wretched woman referred to the mysterious person they had seen in court, but she did not dare to speak of him, lest the allusion should bring on a final and fatal paroxysm of terror.

She hastened to fulfill the requirements of Mrs. Sitterly, and she counted the minutes until the messenger returned accompanied by the astonished Lynde and his little client.

Hastily and tearfully commencing to them the character of the extraordinary interview to which they were summoned, she seconded with them to the chamber of the dying woman, where her father, together with the clergyman, the physicians, and the nurse, were now in attendance.

The husband and Simon, greatly astonished and alarmed at the arrival of these unexpected visitors, whispered a question to each other, and then with Evelyn, and having learned that they had been sent for, they for the first time suspected, and would have prevented the dreaded confession. But it was too late.

Mrs. Sitterly would listen to nothing they said to say in deprecation of her disclosures. She called upon the clergyman and the physicians, and upon all present, to bear witness to her statement in writing, in a form which would constitute it legal evidence.

She recited quickly, "You—oh, yes! I have already told Evelyn," she said, in a faint voice, for her power of articulation had almost failed, "that this boy is not my son."

Sob looked greatly disturbed and grieved at this declaration, and during the pause which its utterance created, Hiram again sought to prevent further self-accusation.

"Rest a few minutes, Louise," he said, and take another of your composing draughts."

She waved him off, and fastening her eyes upon the clergyman, as if she thought that he was the most appropriate witness of her confession, she continued:

"I never gave birth to a child. Herbert Lynde was consigned by which Herlowe's relatives were kept out of their rights—he can tell you," she said, pointing to Hiram.

"But I knew! her delirium has returned!" exclaimed Simon, who with difficulty had been kept silent up to this point. But the leading physician now informed him that if he again interrupted the dying woman in her ideal with a scream he would consider it as if seeking a place for flight—and then fell heavily back upon her pillow, exclaiming:

"Th he! I know that call. Keep him out! Mercy! Mercy!"

She spoke no more intelligibly. A state of delirium ensued, followed by a moments of unconsciousness, which in a few minutes terminated in death.

Mr. Sitterly had heard the story of his wife's shame and sin for the first time, and dreadful as it was the tale, there was one point on which it afforded him something like a sense of relief. It was in denying and disowning Herbert, she had at least not been guilty of repudiating her own son.

Scarcely had the wretched woman ceased to breathe, when Hiram began to reproach himself and each other for not having taken effective measures to prevent the disgraceful disclosures and their dreadful consequences.

But the appearance of the stranger in court had produced mostly as great a shock upon the mind of Simon as upon that of Mr. Sitterly; and encreased by a sense of guilt, and by the consciousness of guilt produced, and expecting hourly to be confronted by this witness to the exposure of his crimes, he had no longer presence of mind to resist.

The confession, too, had already been partly made to Evelyn, and it would perhaps have been impossible for him to suppress the remainder, if he had had a more determined effort to do so. The whole story had been wrenched from him, and he was now resolved to take his share in the dreadful doom. Yet, as he had not been present at the time that Herbert had been revealed—he had at least nothing personally to dread from its disclosure beyond the loss of property and power. Yet with quick thought he had reflected that Mrs. Sitterly's confession would involve the fact that the heir he was listening to would be regarded, if not treated, as a bastard from his birth, and that there would be none to sustain or corroborate it.

He was troubled with apprehension lest the confession should also involve the statement that the child who was the dreadful set in which he had been a participator, and the existence of which had been concealed from him, was still living somewhere in the world, and that there was a dreadful charge, as he felt like one reprieved from some impending and frightful doom.

Mrs. Sitterly had judged rightly in regard to the visitor who had appeared in court, but Simon, echoing dissatisfy through the silent house, had failed to fit were, the burden of her perplexity.

It was Hazel, the accomplice in her crime, who, by whatever means, had escaped the dreadful fate designed for him, had returned to New York, and had thereby in no startling manner come unannounced himself, who now, in the dead of night, and in most fitting gale, sought an interview with her.

When informed of the condition in which she was, he showed great astonishment, but still he was determined not have any hesitation, and insisted upon seeing her.

Accompanied by Simon to the door, another alarmed by the controversy, and found that the night attendant to force his way upstairs, had hastened to inform Mr. Sitterly of the danger.

Evelyn had started up to prevent them, after a little cowardly hesitation, followed.

"This man," he said to Sitterly, "is the only person living who can corroborate poor crazed Louise's story. He can deal with him—and I think we shall be effectually rid of him; and then no harm will be done after all."

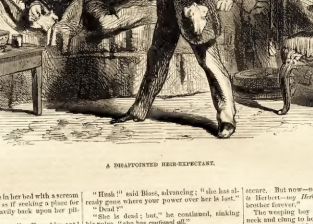
"No harm?"

"No—not so far as the child is concerned. If Herbert is her relative living, they would make nothing out of all this. A dying woman, raving of a child's birth, and evidently insane, would, afterwards securing herself of imaginary crimes —no court would listen to her statement. You can acknowledge Herbert as your best step-son on condition of being his guardian. He inherits the estate; you control it, we will have our revenge—and all will be well."

"You talk, wicked man some new gleam of hope, and did not in any other supposes his worst guilty coldness.

Together they confronted the visitor, whose countenance, form, and entrance face, told a sad story of suffering, but whose eye yet glared with baleful fire. He seemed to take no especial notice of Hiram, but advancing to meet Sitterly, he said:

"I want one her before she dies. The case is urgent—and if she refuses, tell her," he said in a loud voice, and with a threatening look—"tell her——"



A DISAPPOINTED HEIR-EXPECTANT.

"Hush!" said Bisse, advancing; "she has already gone where your power over her is lost."

"Dead?"

"She is dead; but," he continued, sinking his voice, "she has confessed all."

Hazel started backwards in evident alarm.

"More than this—she has accused you, Jason Hazel, as the instigator and accomplice of her crime! Her dying declarations have been legally taken and attested, which, you well know, constitutes them evidence."

"Ever true."

"And within an hour process will be out for your arrest. In the meantime, I shall detain you here."

He stepped towards the door, as if to lock it; but the guilty man darted past him, and, of course, after a fate of attempted detention, was allowed to make his escape.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Astounded by the marvellous turn which events had taken, and unspeakably shocked by the terrible discovery they had witnessed, Evelyn and Seth conversed apart before the latter left the house of mourning. Herbert only heard with them.

"Can this dreadful story be true?" he asked, at last, of Evelyn," replied Evelyn; "for it solves the mystery of years; it explains why my mother has been the object of hatred to some, and why his claims to recognition have been so persistently denied, and why no one could have done this."

"It does true; it is more incredible than that, prompted by avarice, she should have committed the dreadful crime she has confessed. We must believe it."

"And the suit——"

"Will be stopped—it stopped by operation of Law, by the death of the plaintiff, and by the fatality that it will ever be resumed."

"And poor Herbert! he has been an orphan, fatherless, without a home; but whoever or whatever else he is, he is *my Herbert!* and I will not give him up. Let storms around the child and blasts of misfortune beat upon him, he is my property, my boy, my own, and this one joy. He is the pet, the playmate of my childhood, the companion of my youth, of whom I thought ever by day and dreamed by night."

Overcome by the emotion which expected its strength, Evelyn gave way to tears.

Before I knew you (she colored slightly here) such was my love for you that from time to time dear boy, as the age of two years, became my father's step-son, until the day he was first cited by my idolatry, *I worshipped him!* When he was dangerously ill, I watched alone, night after night, by your bedside, spending every hour I could spare from my studies, almost fell-ishly anxious to recover to Heaven for his life.

"Of that dreadful day when he was lost, I need not speak. You yourself know something of my distraction, but now my feelings have been excited heart endured it, and the terrors of that dreadful night which ensued, I often regret now. It seems strange to me that I did not go mad.

"If time alleviated, it never cured my grief. Tonight to believe that he was dead, sobered by more friendship, though with little hope that that you could ever be more than a friend to me, I had looked with tender love to the future.

"But during these dismal years of your absence in Europe, you have illy strengthened that confidence. being literally without a friend—and with Simon, Hiram, and Louise Sitterly against me—I feared. My father loved me not; he always regarded me with coldness and disrespect, and treated me with unkindness.

"If you say think it strange that I speak so flatly of these things now. It is because I wish you to comprehend somewhat of that cruel wrong by which I was filled my heart when Herbert was restored to me, of the joy with which I received him in the midst of that anxiety which calling to my mind, as to whether such unbridled joy could really be true.

"My step-mother's positive and persistent denial of Herbert; the assertions and arguments of my father and of Mr. Bisse; the dreadful array of testimony which they produced, has still caused this doubt to haunt me at intervals, like some dreadful spectre.

"How it could be, I could not see; I have argued the question mentally, by the hour, but in some way I feared my hopes were to be disappointed and my happiness again blasted.

"Now until this hour have I felt altogether secure. But now—now I indeed know that this is Herbert—my *Herbert*—my brother!"

The weeping boy flung his arms round her neck and clung to her in long embrace—and Seth grazed, speechless, upon them, with eyes in which the flooding tears rose faster than he could dash them off.

"Dear Evelyn," he said, taking her hand, "fear not for the future, either for him, or for yourself. My home shall be his, and I hope you will soon consent to make it your's also—I do not doubt your father will longer oppose our marriage—and brighter fortunes are already quickly dawning on me.

Seth indeed, being brought into sudden celebrity by his great suit, and by the skill and talent which he had managed it, had already been offered a profitable partnership by his friend, Mr. Bisse, which, of course, must gladly accepted.

When he returned home with his extraordinary news, the amazement of his friends was of course unbounded, and they discussed the subject and its consequences a long while.

"And is it known," asked the senior Mr. Lynde, "who is the heir at law to that great estate?"

"No sir, that is still unknown," replied Seth; "for the miserable woman died with her story unfinished. Evelyn interrupted her once by asking about Herbert's parentage, and before she was about to speak upon that point. But she had answered her, and was a second time alluding to the subject, that loud ringing of the bell announced Captain Copeland's arrival, and quite unsettled her reason. But whoever he is, he will undoubtedly make himself known to us very soon."

"I think *I* can tell you something about it, then," said his father, complacently, and with an air which made all his listeners turn curiously to him. "I have known about Herbert's parentage, for some time past, and with an old man's memory, and with an old man's speculation as to who would inherit his large property, I could get no rest, night or day, forever, but the bulk of the estate was to go to Herbert. He had my life in his hand my life, and I was determined to put in claim, as the heir, and it would have been established without the least trouble, that another and more direct heir was in existence.

"Wh, in existence?" repeated Seth.

"Yes, in existence—though he yet lacked several months of being a day old. The riddle is certainly not a hard one. How the announcement was made good—appears today for the first time; but no one, I believe, then doubted the fact. Mrs. Harlowe became a mother."

"And how did the heir at law bear his disappointment?"

"Angelic enough. But he was a course, letter, but his letters were answered, leaving perceptible tenderness the strength of his expectations. I believe he is still living; I am informed that he I have seen him within a few years."

"How old a man?"

"He was scarcely of age then—and of course he cannot be much over thirty now. I have yet to turn up."

"It is too bad that such a man should succeed to so great wealth; but, of course, we cannot help that."

The conversation had called daily at the house of Mr. Lynde during the week of the trial, and had been apprised of its progress. He had heard on Saturday of the strange event which had interrupted its proceedings, and of the melancholy catastrophe in which Mrs. Sitterly had been involved by her crimes. The news was the deepest interest in all these events, she called again on Sunday to learn the news. It was an hour or two after Seth's return home, and with the evening tea-party was being discussed, that the anxious widow called. Appalled by the news of Mrs. Sitterly's death, which had been communicated to her almost before she was inside the door, she listened with horror, and with signs of great agitation, the particulars of the event.

Then interrogating Seth, before he could half reply to her questions, she said:

"Did she—did she acknowledge Herbert? What—what did she say of him?"

"She did not acknowledge him," replied Seth, and the widow's eyes glanced with joy as she spoke; "yet she confessed that he was the boy who was once supposed to be her son."

"Did she—did she say that? What else? Pray, tell me what else?"

Seth repeated the material part of the dying woman's story; but still Aunt Ally sobbed, with clasped hands:

"*What else?*"

He added what more he could remember, but again the anxious, appealing cry rang with its scorn:

"*What else? What else?*" Oh! was there nothing—nothing—nothing else, Mr. Lynde?"

Struck with the woman's awful earnestness, a thought flashed upon his mind, which in wonderful had not occurred to him sooner; and so most trembling now forced it to replies, slowly and emphatically:

"Yes, Mrs. Bisney, there was one thing more. She said that the mother of Herbert was ominously related to her by Sitterly's death and the attendant circumstances, and from the excitement produced by her communion with the dead, thus, in her first interval of sober, rational thought, she confessed the fact of her own son. that Mrs. Bisney was the mother of Herbert. Delighted with the delight, the certainty as she regarded it, and feeling sure that Aunt Ally was guiltless of any voluntary share in the dreadful crime which had separated her during ten long years from her child, she was about writing to Mr. Lynde, when she received his note, to fully confirmed by Bisse.

But it was not until a subsequent day, when the mournful ceremonies at the grave session were over, that she had an opportunity of meeting Mrs. Bisney, and hearing from her lips the story of her child's life.

It is unnecessary here to present even a synopsis of the narrative which the widow, further than to say that it established the poor woman as the victim of a heartless villain—one of the unforeseen schemes. Yet she found abundant cause for consolation in the fact that the boy Evelyn could learn, she never could have proved his own.

A tyrannical husband, impoverished by intemperance, who, in the absence, who, in the absence, who, in the absence of his wife, was actuated by the tempter in the very physician who had been called to relief a child who had ex-pired in so ready a mode of replenishing his wasted means, found in the birth of a boy long habituated to abject submission to his will, a fitting instrument with the man of sin, and with his own brother the required oath of secrecy, to extort from her the required oath of secrecy, and to carry out the diabolical scheme, her pres-ts for the fruits of his crime, yet long enough to disclose to her the name of the person to whom the child, he had himself learned by stealth, the home of which he could secure the future of his betrothed offspring.

Such house became, thenceforward, a Mecca to the wretched mother. Her daily pilgrimages to the place where a rose-point from which she could gaze upon it, and meditate upon her lost sorrow-ful treasure. Then, as the boy grew older, she could catch a glimpse of the child, whom she learned to love, never close, now, her prese be her tortured, sobbing, vacant heart.

Sometimes—oh! how sometimes she had met the baby, robed in its rich linen and embroidery, and drawn by its costly carriage, in the charge of its nurse, and then the mother could stop a moment and gaze upon her child—upon the child of her husband, and trace the resemblance to that which she, in his days of manliness and truth, had also worn. Sometimes she had met the boy and down with him, to this state of degradation and woe.

Mrs. Bisney could scarcely at first believe after his wicked deed, he had not quite expended the money, and that he had not squandered what he left—and adding monthly to it from her own small resources, which, for the last few and as one years, to open a small store near the home of her child, found it necessary to close it for a while, to watch for, perhaps to see him.

When he became old enough to walk with his nurse in the park which fronted the mansion, Mrs. Bisney was almost certain that on every fair day he would be brought at least once to that pleasant resort.

He had already purposed it to Evelyn, who had come to see her husband's sister on the arrangement; and who was impressed anew with Mrs. Bisney's goodness of heart, and considerations for her happiness.

Mrs. Bisney had yet another of Evelyn's friends upon his hands, for whom she be designed to find a place in the new establishment. This was Becky Vose, whose conduct on the trial had so incensed Mr. Bisney that she had no recommend her from her service; and whom Seth, knowing how destitute she was, and how attached to her, had taken directly to his house.

There was, certainly, something very winning about Becky. She was quite too pretty, and her manners too engaging, to have created have offended credit, as a daughter, upon any family, however exalted. She did not long remain in those friends, and their companionship proved a source or great delight to each of them.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Mr. Frederick Sitterly was really grieved for the loss of his wife; but he was far more deeply concerned for the other losses which it involved. The hopes which he and Simon had entertained, that Mrs. Sitterly's statement would not gain credence, and that it would be entirely unsupported by other proof were destined to a most speedy frustration.

When Mrs. Bisney reclaimed her long lost

son, and corroborated the whole story by all the details of her own compulsory connection with it, they now plainly that all attempts to refute the accumulating proofs would be useless.

Where Hazel had gone, or at what moment he might reappear, to add his confession to the other evidence, already so conclusive, they could not tell.

Guilt had made a coward of Blunt, and he feared hourly that he should somewhere encounter the avenging maniac, who might visit upon him some terrible retribution, for his part in the abduction which had been intended to terminate the victim's life, and which, even yet, by the satisfyings it had produced, would apparently seem consummated in that murderous design.

Simon had indeed flattered himself that the dangerous man knew nothing of his agency in the dreadful deed.

But Hazel, he knew, was shrewd and suspicious, and if, influenced by revenge, he made diligent search for the pretended Huddleton; if from a Memory upon which Hate had barred a lasting likeness of his enemy, he could finally call such a minute account of him as should answer to the description of Rook, he would soon find those who would identify it as such.

From that point the connection would be obvious and readily traced. Then, the love and torture of Blunt—Blunt, the brother-in-law of Mrs. Stirlerly, how would he something like a true estimation on the wronged one, and point out to him one object on which to wreak his revenge.

Simon thought of all this; he thought of it in the more and oftener because, though he could had seemed to take no especial notice of him when they confronted each other at Mrs. Stirlerly's, he remembered afterwards that there had been a strange lighting of the eye and expression of his lips on that occasion. He rectified it with time now—with growing courage for his mind, shadowed by the memory of his great guilt, had become weak; and he unwisely gave a thought to the loss of his large pecuniary hopes, by reason of the heavy penalties which he now contributed for his life.

When Mr. Ira Harlow, therefore, came in manifest ecstasy to announce himself as the new owner of the great estate, the wonderful news, spreading everywhere like wildfire, was received his chosen reinforcement, Bliss had no doubt or courage to conduct even a show of resistance to his claims.

He was sure it would be useless in the end, and much more could evidently be made by a conciliated capitulation, with a view to getting something solid for himself and Frederick.

The "coming soon" was a hopeful, lingering fellow, coarse in features as in mind, and as unable as stubbornness to exhibit any delicacy in entering his rights.

He had been kept out of them long enough, he said, and if he had had the wit of a mouse he would have suspected and discovered the fraud and villainy which had defeated him before.

Such a bit of poverty as he had had ever since was enough, he said, to last him for the rest of his days, the best years of his life too! "You was in the same box, I have no doubt," he said to Bliss, in his first interview with that person, "when hopes of making anything out of the matter were somewhat dashed. "I remember you had a good deal to say about it."

"Really, Mr. Harlow, I cannot listen to such accusations—"

"Oh yes you can—and will. Somebody has got to pay me, too, for past privilege, and wanting before has it all gone? fifty or sixty thousand dollars a year, and more, too, I dare say?"

"Couldn't say; I presume it has been legitimately spent."

"Oh yes *legitimate!* Don't use that word; I don't like it. There's no law has everything *legitimate* about the affair anywhere, I don—ha! ha! But I guess you have feathered your nest pretty well with it, any way."

"For my honor, Mr. Harlow—"

"Your honor—oh, you're from Shaw's rich now."

"I assure you, sir," replied the crown Simon, who was quite annoyed by the insulting language of the rich heir, "I never knew of the fraud practised in regard to the birth of Mrs. Stirlerly's son—"

"I don't believe it; if you didn't, your wife did. They were a precious pair—them sisters; Mavis good as well as old dead Mona, before she'd 'un got to be so grand. And some people think old mother Rufter didn't do a nat'ral death, either. Twould be much matter for false, for he was an old Turk, if he's one a relation of mine."

"Well, well, Mr. Harlow—"

"Wait a minute, I'm coming to the con. Hush place; you've got a deed of it from her. Mavis good as well as die. That belongs to me now. It is part of the estate. She never owned it, keeping her dower in it, and that's gone now, and that leaves it here. Somebody never owned it of course. It's worth forty thousand dollars today."

"Listen to me a minute. You haven't got possession of this estate yet. The heirship is a proof isn't so clear. Mrs. Stirlerly was delirious half the time the day she died—perfectly raving; perhaps she was raving when she told this story. There is but one other witness—"

"Yes there is—you. I know about Hazel. My lawyers have got all about it. He's in the city somewhere, and I've got a 'rantee looking him up. He's got to make affidavit to the story right off. Such a one as can be used in court, too, or he'll be put through in double quick time."

"But don't you see that if you don't friendly with us, he can put you in jail as an accessory to possession, but otherwise we can keep you out of the property, and put you in a long suit of the most profitable litigation."

"You can't do it; I know better. If you can I'll buy you when I find you are worth buying, by thunder-ish now. You've defeated me out of enough, and I'll have some of it back instead of paying you any. I'll give fifty thousand dollars to-day on this property—by a good shave —and fight you out of court with it, by the immortals. You can't bluff me—I've played at that game—"

"Ah, come now! You may as well keep cool —you will not. Mr. Harlow, you must be aware at your more calmly over a bottle of wine and a lunch."

"No you don't. I don't want to see Fred. Stirlerly—I know all about him, too. I don't want to see any of the men. I'll go my own way, and consult with my own friends, and not with them that have robbed me for the past, and would do it again if they can."

Ira did go his own way, and in the course of a few days his plucky, the detective, led him to the discovery where poor Hazel was hiding from the threatened pursuit of Bliss, a man who had barely enough courage enough to threaten him, and who in his turn was daily trembling for fear of his.

Hazel seemed much shunned by the menacing language of Harlow, and by the fact that he had an officer with him, whom he said he should have taken in charge of him and such he had brought in a lawyer to draw up his affidavit, and have it duly certified for future use.

"If you make a clean breast of it," he said, "and tell the bull story, you shan't be harmed, notwithstanding all the harm you've done me. There's no use prosecutin' you—that's plain enough. You can't get anything of a cut but the skin. Ha! ha!"

But if the wretched man was alarmed, he was still more enraged.

"I will make a clean breast of it, never fear," he said. "I will tell the whole story."

"I'm sure you'll be very impressed," added Ira.

"There's proof enough of the fraud, Mr. Harlow," Mrs. Stirlerly's dying declarations, and there's Mrs. Blunny, who knows the whole story of course, and how much you paid for the brat. She's got all the papers in her own keeping. She knows she's watched that ere child every day since he was born, and—and—and—signed her name to by Stirlerly's purpose."

"No matter," said Hazel, interrupting the man; "I have told you I would make the affidavit, and I will—you needn't be larger to draw it up, not you."

"I won't consent to that; lawstways," he added, as he saw something like a look of defiance in the eyes of Hazel, "you must have a lawyer here, too, to see it's all right and shipshape."

"Twenty of them, if you please."

"Very well—my man is—I don't know himself. I don't know his name—"

"Oh, that's queer, too."

"That it's the young chap that gave *her* sucks ranging in court Tother day—Herbert's lawyer and friend, I think, the boy."

"Very well—but if you don't know his name, how can I tell who you mean. It won't do for a trial, and I don't know anything about it."

"Yes you do, Hazel; you've been down to Herbert's side—it was the young one. Bring *him*."

"All right, I will, my man," said Hazel.

Both wandered much at the nonsense—but Hazel thought it best to fall in with the plan of professional business for which Harlow, the lawyer, was to be paid, and which he might easily resist by more retainers from the same source.

He went to Herbert's lawyer, embodying a full, clear, and distinct account of the whole conspiracy—so full and distinct that both Herbert and his lawyer were astounded by it.

Hazel signed it and swore to it, for a commissioner had also been brought to administer the oath.

"And now," said Hazel, turning to Seth and the colored man, "you must sign your names to it. I have made this confession, not, as this man thinks, because I have been bullied into it, but for other reasons."

"Reasons! yer reasons as long as you've done it," said Harlow.

"I do not deny," he continued, "that I could depend an hour on his promise not to prosecute me, but I mean to be honorest to break his word."

"Oh you don't, hey!"

"In my shattered state I believe I have not been responsible, and I was frightened when first he found me—he and his people—but I believe I have little more to fear from men."

Hazel's confession was then read, because he had said this, and sighed.

"For fear of his rather shaky—fact," said Ira, as he folded up his precious document and prepared to put it in his pocket, "we'll keep it a month, old chap, with good nursing."

"If I am to be prosecuted, I understand the miserable man, without heeding the other, "by the law I have broken, I shall not be at all as well as to—my confession now will perhaps go in mitigation of my punishment. But I am not the worst that can be done to me is to sentence me to imprisonment, which cannot last long, for death would soon relieve me."

"Now you talkee-fact's fees, either," interposed Ira. "Hey, old boy?"

"But I do not believe any one will think it worth while to punish me—and if they do, I throw myself on your protection, young man, for I have not a friend in the world after all I've oppressed."

Seth looked surprised, and replied that he fully believed that Hazel, in his state of health, and no friends, would be free from prosecution. No one, he said, could have the heart to trouble one who was so evidently suffering, and there was no one, either, who could now have any needs to gain by such prosecution.

The poor man seemed greatly relieved by this answer, and immediately said:

"Then I can the more freely perform one act of justice remain. I am sure it would be another crime for me to conceal the fact that I am not a forgerer."

"Hello! What else have you been doin' on, then? cuss with it, Doctor?" said Ira.

"Much as to say a lie," added Hazel, still unheeding the boor's remarks: "*that Hugh Herbert is not the son of Hugh Herbert.*"

"*Not!*" shouted Ira, springing to his feet, "then who the deuce is he?"

"It's a lie! a lie, in your throat!" said Ira, "else it don't look like it, by the immortals!"

"She is dead—but it's not yet eight years since her father died. It's a child."

"It's as false as the Koran," said Harlow, with the fierceness of a bull-dog, and with all his forehead, rising like cords, stained his excitement and anger.

"It is as true as the Gospel," replied Hazel. "she was married to Hugh Herbert's father."

"Where?" asked Ira, springing to his feet, "the name of the father?"

"It's a lie! a lie, in your throat!" said Ira. "She is dead and gone, and I've seen her grave."

"She is dead—but it's not yet eight years since her father died. It's a child."

"It's as false as the Koran," said Harlow, with the fierceness of a bull-dog, and with all his forehead, rising like cords, stained his excitement and anger.

"It is as true as the Gospel," replied Hazel. "she was married to Hugh Herbert's father."

"Where?" asked Ira, springing to his feet, "the name of the father?"

"Hugh Herbert, Esq., of Boston."

Seth had listened with serious astonishment to this dispute; but when he heard little Rocky was dead, "dead and gone," as he thought of his heiress, his joy knew no bounds. Without distinguishing the particular reason for the fact, and by question Hazel in regard to it, toiling down the extended length of his form, and clapping both the noses of several persons, who, he said, knew him and could testify to his truth, that he could fully substantiate their relationship to the heiress Rocky.

Harlow raved meanwhile, and interrupted the examination with the most violent threats, which, obtained what he wanted, and rose to retire.

"I must go to Boston," said Ira, "where this sister and her child were educated, and see when old cousin Hugh died. Why didn't they write and tell us?"

Eleven years ago the daughter wasn't born; where the mother was, it would be difficult to say. Probably she was in some sime house in town, or some house, where she did not see her brother's death until the proper time to make it settled. If she had not died, she should not be like to expect any thing from her father, and so would not write home long."

"Well, if this hitherto story is true, (and it would be its like my luck,) there is one thing I can see plain as day, that I'm a made man, and rest relation, and I'll be guardian, and have the property all to myself, for the next ten or eleven years—and it will go hard if I don't get some at the end of that time. So you needn't strive over me, Bliss."

Ira departed in a rage, and Seth hastened home to communicate the extraordinary news to his family, and to send it to Evelyn.

Their astonishment and delight was of course beyond all expression, and as to Rocky, she seemed unable to comprehend or believe the sudden and extraordinary change in her position.

The heretofore Ira proved to be quite as much absorbed in his calculations about the guardianship, as he had been in his large hopes. Mr. Silby advised Seth to apply at once for the position of guardian to the infant heiress, who was already in his charge, and also to make sure for him the necessary security, which of course was very large.

The dissipated cousin put in his claim, but Seth also questioned cause up to decline, on proof of his habitual intemperance was sufficient to cause his immediate rejection, besides which, he was utterly unable to procure the bail which would have been necessary for his appointment.

Seth had anticipated that Mr. Stirlerly might apply for the valuable post, but Silby assured him that he knew of the man's character for ten years, had kept the true heiress out of her home in spite of his bantering him.

Seth was therefore delighted to urge Evelyn to assume the office, and that he would be constantly at hand with a proper respect for her unworthy father, who, under the most extreme sense of his bereavement may have been, maintained the semblance of very little affection for his children, or to fear his opposition to her marriage.

He had known Evelyn from a child, he said, who had really proved himself to have the ring true metal.

"We are all liable to mistakes, my daughter," he continued, "to err in our judgment, but I perceive and appreciate the worth of this young man—Herbert."

Miss Stirlerly was glad to receive kind words from her father, and a hearty approval of her marriage, and she was willing to shut her eyes to the utter want of affection which they implied worth, entered in his hour of abasement by the confession of his own unworthiness.

As Seth, too, could afford to be magnanimous, she would now have high indeed against the memory of Stirlerly's unkindness to her mother, and against the spectacle of his present humiliation.

"I am glad you have decided to receive the child, Evelyn," he continued, "that I could depend an hour on his promise not to prosecute me, for I should be the heiress to break his word."

"Oh you don't, hey!"

"In my shattered state I believe I have not been responsible, and I was frightened when first he found me—he and his people—but I believe I have little more to fear from men."

Hazel's confession was then read, because he had said this, and sighed.

"For fear of his rather shaky—fact," said Ira, as he folded up his precious document and prepared to put it in his pocket, "we'll keep it a month, old chap, with good nursing."

"If I am to be prosecuted, I understand the miserable man, without heeding the other, "by the law I have broken, I shall not be at all as well as to—my confession now will perhaps go in mitigation of my punishment. But I am not the worst that can be done to me is to sentence me to imprisonment, which cannot last long, for death would soon relieve me."

"Now you talkee-fact's fees, either," interposed Ira. "Hey, old boy?"

"But I do not believe any one will think it worth while to punish me—and if they do, I throw myself on your protection, young man, for I have not a friend in the world after all I've oppressed."

Seth looked surprised, and replied that he fully believed that Hazel, in his state of health, and no friends, would be free from prosecution. No one, he said, could have the heart to trouble one who was so evidently suffering, and there was no one, either, who could now have any needs to gain by such prosecution.

The poor man seemed greatly relieved by this answer, and immediately said:

"Then I can the more freely perform one act of justice remain. I am sure it would be another crime for me to conceal the fact that I am not a forgerer."

"Hello! What else have you been doin' on, then? cuss with it, Doctor?" said Ira.

"Much as to say a lie," added Hazel, still unheeding the boor's remarks: "*that Hugh Herbert is not the son of Hugh Herbert.*"

"*Not!*" shouted Ira, springing to his feet, "then who the deuce is he

THE WORLD WAS—YOU AND I.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Oh, still do I remember, boy,
Though years have sure have fled,
When Autumn's rustling leaves were crushed
Beneath our bounding tread;
Oh, those, indeed, were joyous hours,
Hope's star was in the sky;
The angels smiled upon us then—
The world was—you and I.

The Autumn passed, and Winter came
With its destroying hand;
The flowers faded, one by one,
And slept the sleep of death;
But still the earth was running fair—
As Eden to our eye;
Our hearts were always summer, here—
The world was—you and I.

'Tis true that we are parted now,
Yet from my inmost heart
The memories of the happy past
Time cannot tear, depart;
And when we, here, shall meet again,
I'll care within this eye,
And dream of those bright hours when
The world was—you and I.

THE ONE ERROR.

A STORY FOR YOUNG WIVES.

CHAPTER XV.

DAME THRETTE'S STORY.

Nelly raised her head. "I hope you are well," she said, coldly; "you have been a true friend to me and my child! Good young woman that you are to have done without your help, and I am sure you advise for my good, as you claim, but if you could only know what I have suffered, and how much more I dreaded what might come, you would not ask me to plead as I did indeed you would not!"

And Lord trust thee be sure," said the dame, speaking very gravely, yet kindly, too; "how cannot thou be certain but this is trying of a sure sign what thou regret is so hard, thee mayst not get into worse danger?"

"It cannot be worse!" exclaimed Nelly; "nothing can frighten me now."

The goffil woman held up her hand deprecatingly, as she said—

"Do not speak so; it does indeed grieve me sorely to hear rebel hear against the wise decrees of Providence—oh I bliter cause have I to remember like thyself, many years ago, have I one who, like thee, dildo believe that worse could not be. With those hopes in my heart, and me while I tell a sad tale that may teach thee a lesson as it did me, yours since to be taught by the lot of all in this world, my child, and hearing of others' affliction may make thine own seem lighter.

She paused, and seemed collecting a few minutes; Nelly, her head resting upon her hand, offered neither answer nor objection, and the dame went on:

"Thou mayst have wondered, perhaps, to see this large and modest house empty and unfurnished, and its fruitful gardens all lot run to waste, and no one to inhabit it but my poor self Rachael and myself. It has been so now these twenty years!" Rachel must remember it as otherwise since she was born, and it is, briefly, when I am gone, the old place will all surely go to ruin, and be no more inhabited at all, for there will be none to take the charge of it as I do, who was brought up here from a child.

"But I am reminded it very, very long since I must when every one of the great, soothing happiness and with every one, who called gentleness and young noble ladies were glad to be in the kindliest manner of the world to me, had earned not less enthusiasm and closest to make room for the merry guests; when the flowers were out for weeks, and the high reception rooms were, night after night, all ablaze with lights, and filled with music, and dancing, and feasting, and the great halls, and courts, and gardens were all the resort of the gay company and divisions that were carried on among them.

"There was not much schemers nor good thoughts than I am afraid, and a deal of vanity —a deal of words and ungodly frivolity went forward, I fear, at those feast-days," said the woman gravely.

"That was in the time of the Desperds, the last but one, Lady Desperd—for the name of the family who have held the place for hundreds of years—although they wouldn't not know it yet in truth; and for so many years have mine, for thee and my mother and child, served their house in one office and another, as in my turn I came to do.

"They were a proud family, and haughty, too, yet in no ways harsh nor unjust. They could insist on this or that, and would have compassed on no mere's due, and to their dependents and inferiors were more liberal and considerate.

"I speak now, as in my better mind, God be praised, I am fool, calmly, and I do hope, and by, and with no over-zeal. In those days, alas! I for my heart was filled with the vain and worthly pride and worship of the house to which I belonged, and my fellow-men counted before me glorified their exceeding power and magnificence, as if it reflected on me who stood and saw only the might and triumph of the creature, but was indeed but His everlasting bounty to a highly-favored race.

"But I was not to tell of myself, lest it be her I served.

"Sir Luke Desperd died, and left one son, Sir Walter, who had been married not many months before to a high-born and proud lady, as they said she was, and the last of a mighty family in the north.

"Sir Luke thought vastly of her, and I do think it was more of his possession and desire that Sir Walter had been was to make her his wife, for she was the very opposite to himself.

"As I, it was in Sir Luke's time my splendor and the gallery, and the bravery was first I took my place—being a young girl then, and just entering into the enjoyment of such things. My mother, too, believed in the pride of Desperd, and brought me up, honest forgive her, soon to see fear and vain of it than in that of the Lord, so it was scarcely wonderful I should, at her death—she died when I was a girl—brought on by over-fatigue in a great hunting scene of a month that Sir Luke gave —it was natural, I say, that I should fill her place at once, and take on me, as I thought, the duties and devolutions to my masters, and to fear me that, with many others, I thought more of Sir Luke, the free, jovial, liberal-living, hearty, free-living ways, than I did of the young lord, Master Walter, who was cold and haughtily for the lowest thing that lived—a true Christian gentleman he was. But he visited not the wild ways of Desperd Court in the time.

The dame paused, sighed, and shook her head. Nelly, whose interest had been fixed by her recital, turned towards the good woman, and, by her eyes, evinced how deeply her attention had been engaged.

Dame Threttes saw it, and, in a more confident voice, she continued—

"With his mother, and his books, and the studying of the stars, and plants, and insects, Master Walter pleased himself day after day, and seemed to flee more and more from the frivolities and amusement, that, for the most part, diverted the guests of Desperd Court. It vexed his father mightily, that we know, all of us; and Master Walter, who loved the old man as well as ever a son could, did strive not overcome very frequently his ease to please his father Luke; even, as I have said, to the marrying of the proud and haughty lady that was chosen for him as the sunshine on a polished steel to the moon out on the lake yonder. There are the very words that I have heard said of them by a young gentleman who was over at the Court, the poet they said he was, though I always believed him to be a man of deep learning in the law, poor body!

"However, they were married, and, soon after, Sir Luke died, unexpectedly and sudden.

"Sir Walter—that was Sir Walter then—he grieved beyond what I have ever seen for his father, and though he was an excellent son to my lady, she spoke, one night say, scoffed at his sorrow, and made ungrateful of the mourning that for a while put an end to the feasting and gnamocks at the Court, taking every occasion to say much against his liberty in the way of pleasuring that she dared, and cooling off the black clothes as soon as ever they were hardly up.

"We could not but see this, all of us, and some even went as far as to whisper that my lady had no heart; but she was a Despard, and most of me could see no wrong in what they might be done by one of the name.

"It has been made plain enough to me since that she had little or no love for Sir Walter; but that was an occasion one, and wedding, with such estates as a prince might be proud of, and my lady, I think, was content to have got her own name to one that stood so high.

"It was some every day to more clear how unsettled they were to have paired, and that, indeed, but little to him or her. Sir Walter felt the felt for a husband that was so quiet and gentle, shunning all of pleasure that he loved, and perfect, in fine, was which he never sought in blasher her, in truth.

"A new wife, then, and, as my lady had lived it should be, he was natural, not after his own father, Sir Walter, but after his mother, the lady Monmyer Victor Lineage."

"Certain I am," interrupted at the time, that Sir Walter strove against it, and would have but to her called him own father, for he felt that he he willed it, and he never held out against her wishes; indeed, he was the most obedient of all to, seeing the very need of strife may tell him how little he was to be in it.

"But that was a small matter to what came after. A new wife

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

SONG.

BY ALICE CARY.

O to be back in the pleasant fields
To which my thoughts are going—
In some still place across my face
To feel the west wind blowing,
And to let my song run wild along
Like deerhunter through the mowing!

O to feel my heart once more
Beating light as a feather—
To see the bushes alive with bushes
Through all the warm May weather—
And O to lie, the while I cry,
On the ground, and sing together!

O to be under the apple-trees
And hear the bees a-swarming,
And watch the valley sunny with life,
To hang my glad tune flowing,
And to let my song run wild along
Like deerhunter through the mowing!

JEAN BRUNO AND THE GUERILLAS.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

Many who took part in the Mexican campaign, with Taylor's command, will doubtless remember among the quartermaster's men, employed as Muniergy, a somewhat noted expeditor of the name of Jean Bruno.

They will the more readily call him to mind from the fact of his having lost one arm—or thinks he ever the night one—and also from his dashing appearance he always made on horseback, being invariably mounted on the most spirited and unbroken nags in the quartermaster's stables. These mode mounts he managed with the skillfulness of a ranchero, frequently using his bridle to assist his one hand in the control of them.

Jean was a Frenchman, who had seen service in Algeria, and had rendered himself quite famous on one day by numerous daring feats, such as conveying important despatches where no other express riders could be induced to venture, rattling his wag, single-handed and alone, through the enemy's pickets, charging, by dozens through their camps and bivouacs, and in numerous consequent hairbreadth escapes, by one of which he received the wound making necessary the amputation of his left arm above the elbow.

Our little Frenchman was one of those unobtrusively brave men, who never experience the sensation of fear. In fact, he had little idea of the word. Yet withal he was possessed of much prudence in dangerous positions, with a ready invention which often safely brought him out.

He used to say—when not my own horse, and given me a brace of trusty revolvers and a dragoon sabre, and I will guarantee to ride from Monterey to the city of Mexico, and if need be, pass every camp of the enemy on my way."

As extravagant as was this boast of the Frenchman, I have no doubt he would attempt it, by have undertaken it, had he been so ordered.

At that anxious period, shortly previous to the decisive battle of Buena Vista, when the handful of soldiers left in the garrison of the city of Monterey were surrounded by more than ten times their own number, and even the conduct of the enemy's columns was seen in every direction during the day, and through the night every hill top and mountain side was illuminated by their signal fires, it became necessary to convey important letters from the officer in command of Colonel Morgan, still occupying Reynosa, to the head-quarters of General Taylor and Camargo.

But no signal were the enemy, and so closely by had they beset the roads, that it was considered not only extremely hazardous, but quite impossible, to open a communication with that point.

The express men in the place were offered large rewards to induce some among them to undertake the perilous journey, but there were none among them who would run the gauntlet. Had Jean Bruno been at hand the application would not have been made in vain. But that courageous man was absent at Reinito, where he had been sent with despatches to General Taylor.

The quartermaster now made a requisition upon the First Ohio Regiment, quartered in the plaza, and two young privates immediately volunteered to undertake the passage.

The services of these brave fellows were gladly accepted, and provided with excellent horses and well armed, they set forth upon their perilous ride.

Scarcely, however, had the Ohioans left the plaza, when the footsteps and jingling accoutrements, Jean Bruno, accompanied by a Mexican guide, galloped up to the commanding officer's tent, with returns despatches from head-quarters.

As the latter had all confidence in the skill and experience of the Frenchman, he hardly gave him time to dismount before he questioned, when, ordering a fresh animal, he requested him to start forthwith with a duplicate of the despatch that had been given to the Ohioans. Ever ready to give a cheerful compliance to all orders, the Frenchman snatched a few mouthfuls of refreshment with his guide, and was soon again dashing, with him in company, out of the city.

It was his intention, if possible, to overtake the young men, who had preceded him, in order to consult with their route for purposes of service; as he had determined to follow a different path, in order that should one party fail, the other might possibly succeed in reaching their destination. Besides, the information of a guide would be more likely to part the opposite of the camp encountered, than if they united their numbers.

Jean and his guide, however, had crossed the first of Agua Frio without falling in with the Ohioans, when, in consequence of the intervening ridden rapidly, till past the first line of Mexican pickets.

Beyond this stream, coming upon hard, gravelly soil, these little sight of their horses' tracks; and under the guidance of his trusty and experienced companion, left the main wagon road and struck out into a narrow, and rarely traveled mule trail, which leading directly across the mountains, would take them, by a circuit, well altogether avoid the pickets and scouts of the Mexicans.

The two men had ridden but a few miles on the trail, when they came upon a small rancho, one of the Ohioans' horses. There were really distinguished, that fact the Mexican could never were never shod. It seems that the young men, who had fortunately passed these lines, and Serrilvo, had heard of this short cut, and had now taken it.

For hours the Frenchman and guide rode along; now ascending some precipitous path; again winding slowly along the verge of some overhanging cliff; and anon galloping through some little green valley, watered by mountain streams, when they would rest for a few moments to refresh their animals upon the rich herbage.

At length night overtook the travelers still upon the mountain path; and Jean, the guide, proposed that they should draw rein in a sheep rancho not far distant, and await the return of day. Their route was dangerous in the obscurity, and Jean, unsuspicious of harm among the simple ranchos, consented.

As they reached the place, which with its range of substantial buildings, surrounded by a high adobe wall, had more the character of a hacienda of some wealthy proprietor, than an ordinary sheep farm, they found the gates shut, and all about the place apparently retired to sleep.

After calling several times, and knocking upon the gate, they heard voices within, and then a slight squeaking, as of an unglazed window, soon after which, they heard the removal of bars, and then the gate being opened, they were invited, in a very friendly manner, to enter.

They found themselves in a sort of yard, in which were several horses, two of which, that upon the left, Jean could not help but doubt were American horses, and he longed to his friends, who had preceded him.

On the threshold of the house, the travelers were met by the proprietor, who with an humble smile, and then a deep reverence, motioned them to enter.

Returning the salutation, Jean inquired if two countrymen had not recently arrived.

"Si, señor," replied Mexican, "where are no well as you, and they cannot have passed our place. They have been gone but a few hours, and we can even as yourselves, Señores."

The fellow's manners were courteous. There was an appearance of respectability and even refinement about him. His dress was neat and dark, and threatening rain; and hearing his horse to the care of the guide, Jean, with the other two Ohioans might leave been as fortunate as himself in obtaining shelter from the coming storm, entered the house with a feeling of much satisfaction.

In the large room, where he seated himself, he found, besides his host, another Mexican, where countenance and general appearance were equally elsewhere; but much more forbidding than the first, and whose manners he did not like so well. Besides these persons, there was an old woman, who was busily engaged in cooking the supper, and a rather pretty young Señorita, to whom the Frenchman immediately became very complaisant. But the girl received his advances with apparent coldness, and he observed that she also frequently leaned her face upon her hands, as though suffering from pain, and presently he fancied she occasionally looked upon him, with an expression of uneasiness.

As the express rider, like most of his countrymen in our service, had acquired a pretty knowledge of the Spanish, the old Mexican remarked that the young Señorita, his daughter, was suffering considerably with—and, in fact, to a Castilian, he said:

"I am no American," said he.

"No American!" repeated the Mexican, with an expression of surprise; "then what countryman are you, pray, Señor?"

"I am a Frenchman," replied Jean.

"Oh, then, Señor, we are more as we almost half Spaniard. But, if I am not much mistaken, you are the same who accompanied other sir?"

There was a peculiar manner about his host, and a certain tone of voice, as he made this last remark, that caused a feeling of uneasiness in the mind of the Frenchman, and for a few moments he made no reply; and when at length he spoke, asserting that he was now temporarily in the employ of the United States, and was second, like a half-suppressed sigh, from the young woman at his side.

At this moment there returned from the stable, and approaching Jean, whispered:

"I hope, Señor, you will be friendly; but there is something about the place I don't like. You enter boldly, and I will watch what follows, who seem to me to be guerillas."

Starting as he was from the guide in his own mind was corroborated by the manners of the people in the house, and he resolved, from the moment that they had fallen into a trap, he preserve his presence of mind, and watch closely.

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While the women engaged themselves in preparations of an evening meal, the guide communicated with the guide, and directed him to keep a good eye upon the men without, while he himself would watch those within.

After a comfortable meal had been partaken of, the old man and his son were walking in the hall, and the travelers were about withdrawing to their sleeping apartments, when the guide, who had been watching the movements of the males, while the girl remained behind at the table, suddenly sprang to his feet, and with a cry of warning, and fought with a frenzied energy.

Jean had them to an inner apartment—a sort of lumber room—from which a rickety ladder led up to an upper loft.

"Up there, Señors," said she, in an audible voice, evidently intended for other ears as well as those of the strangers, "you will find warm cots. Your horses are safe, and will be so not, if you please, disturb the sleepers upon the upper floor, who are already soundly sleeping from fatigue. *Buen besos noches*" (very good night), and then approaching her lover to the door of the Frenchman, she added, in a whisper: "For the love of God, Señor, fly from this place! your life is in danger! Wait till all is quiet, and escape from the window of the loft."

Of course, Jean was now convinced that the suspicions of the guide were correct. The Ohioans, without doubt, was a rendezvous of guerillas; and how far the fate of the two Ohioans, and their companion, was determined upon.

However, without communicating his discovery to the man, he groped his way to the room where the guide was sitting upon the bed cots, and seated himself upon one, while Jean took possession of the other. Jean now looked about the place, and in the obscurity found himself in a large attic room, covered thickly to the storage of maize, and saddles, and such rubbish as would naturally accumulate about a Mexican rancho-house. At each end of the apartment was a small, open window; and by the dim light which struggled through them, he perceived two other cots, upon which two persons were lying, covered, face and all, with Mexican serapes.

There was something in the breathless repose of the sleepers, that startled the Frenchman; and cautiously approaching one of the cots, he stooped his head to the face of the occupant, and listened. Not a sound was heard—but was none of that heavy respiration peculiar to the wearied sleeper. By degrees his vision became accustomed to the obscurity, and raising a corner of the serape, his eye fell upon the face of a corpse! He immediately recognized it as that of one of the Ohioans.

Horror-struck by the sight, he motioned Jean to his side, and scarcely daring to draw the covering, exposed the bloody clothing of the murdered man. The Mexican would have fainted with consternation of alarm, had not the Frenchman placed his hand upon his mouth, and enjoined silence, in their own dialect of command.

They now examined the other bed. It also contained the mangled and gore-clad form of another Ohioan. The two young men had apparently been dead in sleep. They had been stabbed to the heart.

After making this fearful discovery our travelers held a hasty consultation. Jean repeated the warning of the young woman, and directed Jean to examine one of the windows, while he inspected the other. Then to which the Frenchman, who was in the rear, in which were their horses, and where several persons were then engaged about the stable, was great; but not as the expense of broken bones. By way of the roof a few cautious steps conveyed him to the ground.

After a moment's hesitation, Jean determined to attempt this passage, even into the midst of the guerillas, who were within the court. To this purpose he examined his revolvers, loosened his sabre, and secured close to one side to allow it to slide. He was about to let himself from the window, when, to his utter surprise, he suddenly trusted his situation. Stepping lightly across the floor, he peered out of this hut, and perceived the guide leading off his own bridle, with a roan of his band. To this was attached a horse led by a halter, and upon the animal's back some friendly assistance below, and drawing the bridle of the roan, he led the animal to the window, with a cure and safe means of descent. It was now dark, and directed Jean to see also to his attic. He was about to let himself from the window, when he suddenly heard a loud cry of warning from the guide, and the sound of a struggle.

As Jean, who was first to descend, let himself down, he heard a heavy body fall heavily in the room below; and immediately several men rushed to the door. At this moment a pistol or carbine shot was heard, followed by a cry of pain from the guide, and Jean, who was now at the moment stepping from the window, fell with a crushing weight upon him, causing the French-man to fall heavily to the ground, and to lose his hold of the bridle.

Though considerably injured by the fall, he did not lose his presence of mind; and regaining his feet, he sprang to the back of the nearest saddle mule of escape. While thus reconnoitering the guide, with a dark object approached from the shadow of the building, and beckoned him to follow. It was the guide, who had given the timely warning of his danger. He was about to join him when the door of the house was thrown open, and supplied with lighted torches, a score of Mexicans rushed out, and surrounded the guide. Jean found himself enclosed in the ring of eager people himself, and, pressing forward the midst of the mountains, made good her own escape.

"Death to the Mexican Americans!" shouted the fierce robber gang, as they caught sight of the Frenchman, and rushed shot after shot from their carbines, which, however, proved to be endeavoring to secure himself.

Finding the way now open to him, he made good his escape to the rocks, toward which the guide had directed him. His horse was now at the bile :.. .he rubbers, he was far from being out of danger. He knew his enemies would pursue him, and that his only hope was in the country, mighty easily track him out.

He now struck into the road, and ascended escape through which the brave expressman had given him the timely warning, and after a few moments; for through that long night, and until the noon following sight of the white walls of Serrulvo, the guerillas, infuriated by the loss of their victims, pursued the fugitive Frenchman across than once they were almost within touching distance of him. At one time Jean had even attempted to press the trigger of his pistol upon them, but gunfarer declined a better course; and finally, when the day was nearly spent, exhausted with fatigue, hunger and excitement, he reached the camp of Colonel Morgan, and placed in his hands the despatch with which he had been entrusted.

The most beautiful part by the most admired and esteemed, but they are not always the most esteemed and loved.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[All the Questions under this head are actually received by us from correspondents. Those which are not answered in this column have either been supposed some of them to be answered—and for the purpose of testing the answers to them. Those are of genuine, and not of a frivolous or joke kind, and answers to the rest of them will appear.]

R. B. D. sends us a long complaint, the substance of which is that a young lady friend to whom he has continued to visit for many months, for some time, "cool off" last Sunday evening with another young man, and did not return till a late hour." Very well, what of it? The idea of your "waiting for an apology" from the young lady is absurd. We do not consider any young lady to be under any obligation to make an apology to any man, unless she chooses to do so. She does not require to be told that she is wrong. Let her alone for a little time for you to talk about "apologies."

PUNSTER.—Would electricity come over the fortunate conversation and traverse in one of your hands, which presents you with a wedding? You are frequently asked similar questions, and can easily reply that it is not to be remembered. Consult a physician for counsel.

S. S. S.—You should have asked the young lady to accompany you with you beforehand, and not have gone to the latter home for that purpose, according to engagement.

X. Y. Z.—Remain in your present situation until you can better yourself somewhere else. The opportunity of private generally produces good results, and they are striving to do so.

M. A.—The plans of Mr. Barnum's new theatre would fill a book. We have not received it as yet, therefore, cannot describe it. We will endeavor to procure it for you.

SUSAN.—You should have asked the young lady to accompany you with you beforehand, and not have gone to the latter home for that purpose, according to engagement.

LUCY.—We would never advise a young lady to marry a man whom she does not love, even if he be rich and she is poor. Love is a friend. Still you ought not to be confined to advise her to marry him, when she already has a preference for another man. Her happiness and happiness upon both herself and her home, and doing differently she will be sure to regret it. Remember the opposed to your engaging yourself to the young man, since you do not love him, and he is aware of the fact. Tell him so at once, and he will be grateful to you for your candor. A daughter should be very careful how she violates the wishes of her father, as in your say you are in your twenty-first year, and he here 21, and by marrying the man you do not love, you will not only wish to be rid of your father, but you will be subjecting yourself to the cruelty of those authors.

ANNIE.—You do not forget the name that the tune "Yankee" was given to the Americans by the British, during the Revolutionary war, and was originally sung in derision, as that it is derived from the Indians, who, to express their contempt, called the word "English" "Yengese," from whence the term "Yankees" is easily obtained. Whether this be true or not, we cannot say, but the word Messalonga, and was formerly pronounced like the word "Yengese,"